

Perils and Difficulties in Reaching Klondike Gold-fields Illustrated.

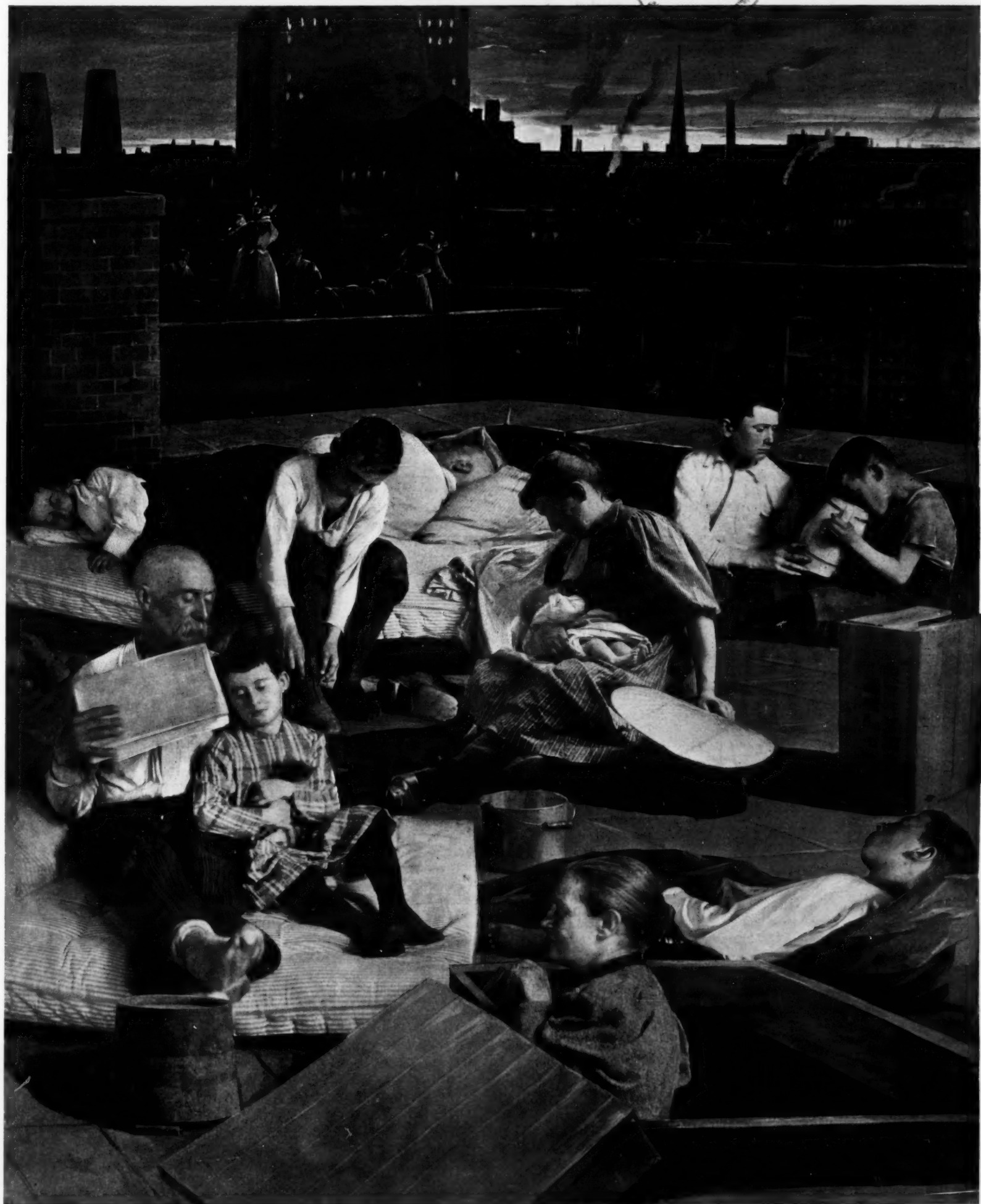
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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A SUMMER NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

There are nights in July and August when it is impossible for the people to sleep in the crowded tenements in which the poor are lodged like rabbits in a warren. Then many of them take their mattresses to the roofs and endeavor to find rest in the open air.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Klondike Excitement.

EVER since the reports of the LESLIE'S WEEKLY Alaska expedition were published in 1891 it has been a perfectly well-known fact that the Yukon territory was rich in gold and other minerals. The discouraging difficulties have been to get into this territory and to sustain life there. But these difficulties are being braved by thousands who have heard of the rich finds in the Klondike River and its tributaries.

Not since the golden days of '49 has there been such a tremendous excitement, and few men with rich blood in their veins escape the inclination to start out in a search for the precious metal which is said to be so plentiful in this far-off region. The richest fields so far found are not in Alaska proper, but farther up the Yukon River and in the British possessions.

Where the Klondike empties into the Yukon a town has sprung up, and it is quite likely that ten thousand persons will spend the winter in Dawson City. LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first paper to give accurate information about the Yukon; indeed, it was our expedition which explored the river. We will also keep our readers informed of the happenings in the new mining-camps, as we have arranged for another expedition to the Klondike and Lake Arkell.

The Sultan and the Powers.

EVERY other day or so we learn from press dispatches that the Sultan of Turkey has acquiesced in the decision of the Powers, and has decided to let Greece off without any further sacrifice than a beating and an indemnity in money. This is always followed by the intelligence that the Sultan insists on keeping the better part of Thessaly. Then we hear that the Powers threaten coercion. And so the tragic farce is played on, day by day, the Sultan acting the villain of the piece, while all the others seem low-comedians.

When Turkey had her last accounting with Europe, in 1878, there was a victorious Russian army within striking distance of Constantinople, while the forceful and ever-ready Bismarck was the dominant figure in European diplomacy. Bismarck did not idly threaten and then eat his words. To-day, in European diplomacy, there does not seem to be a single commanding figure the sight of whom in the least disturbs the wily Turk.

Until force be really applied, or at least until there be made a show of force which could be immediately applied, there seems to be no chance whatever that the Sultan will abandon the hope that he will be permitted to have his own way. The Turkish people to-day believe that Europe is afraid of them. Certainly the actions of the Powers show that they are afraid of something. We know that they are afraid of one another, but it had as well be Turkey that excites their fears, since Turkey is the only gainer from the hesitating policy which has been in operation for many months.

Lessons Well Learned.

EVERY one rejoices because the midsummer reports tell of the great crops that the American farmers are now harvesting, and the gains that will be received for these fruits of the soil and of their toil. But a cause for rejoicing even greater than that which this promise of great prosperity gives is to be found in the abundant proof that so many of the people of this country have learned to their advantage the great lesson which the period of adversity has taught. It was not merely the necessity for economy. That needed no teaching. It enforced itself. Few escaped that strenuous grip of hard times which compelled the husbanding of every resource and the strictest limitation of expenses.

The lesson was one which taught the greater economy which does not consist merely in spending as little as possible, but in the limitation of the cost of production, the turning to utmost advantage every resource of the farm, the extinction of waste, the obtaining of the best results at the least cost; in other words, the application of approved and long-tested business principles and of sound economic laws to the industry of the soil.

It was often said during the past three or four years that one of the best proofs of the great depression in the agricultural industry of the United States was to be found in the many abandoned farms in New England. But it has

recently been demonstrated that these farms were unproductive because they were worked as they had been from generation to generation. Many which had been abandoned or sold for the mortgage upon them have yielded good returns to the new owners, because they were cultivated with a view to the near by markets, and were found to be profit-makers when given up to small fruits, dairy products scientifically handled, or to garden-truck, although worthless when given up to grain-raising, or old-fashioned, unscientific, and therefore extravagant, farming.

So, too, the reports from the great grain-raising States of the West and Northwest make it clear that these new ideas and new forces are influential. In some States, where wheat and corn raised for the market were found unprofitable, the farmers have learned that there is profit in feeding their crops—that is, in turning their grain into meat. That has been the experience in Colorado. So, too, in Minnesota the farmers have learned that in a diversity of products is to be found their surest and most satisfactory profit. In other States they have learned true economy in the raising and marketing of their harvests, so that now they are swiftly paying their mortgages, are no longer pleading for loans, and discover that money has ceased to be scarce. They have also learned that the demand and supply fix the price in the world's markets, and not the money standard.

This has been the great, the most important, of the lessons that recent adversity has taught, and if the precepts are adhered to, then it may be said that our recent season of distress has, after all, been of vast advantage to the American people.

Sea-checkers.



THE terrors of the deep, in these summer-holiday times, are augmented by the growing prevalence of the game of sea-checkers. It is a ship-board game, played in its perfection on board the great transatlantic liners, between the passengers on one side, and the seamen, stewards, and various minor people of the ship, on the other. The traveler's part in the game is essentially a passive one. He does little himself, but is systematically and artistically "done."

"Sea-checkers," says an old officer, "cannot be abolished by the steamship companies, so long as there are deck-hands on the hunt for shillings, quarters, and dimes, and passengers to yield up those coins. Briefly, the game is that by which the men win their perquisites from our patrons; and so skillful have they become that I have no doubt the world's record for tip-taking is held by these deck-swabbing scientists of the ocean ferry."

No less than two hundred and fifty-four distinct moves are known to the expert in sea-checkers, while the combinations are simply incalculable. Against such a formidable array, what chance has even a world-hardened man of wealth?—to say nothing of a simple second-cabin tourist, on his maiden voyage.

As classified by authorities on the game, the rudimentary moves, from one to twenty, consist in such simple tactics as furnishing light for a cigar, or picking up a dropped cap, or standing around in the way to volunteer misinformation on nautical subjects. From twenty to thirty are the various devices for hiding the quoits and other implements of deck recreation, that ought to be always at hand. A bronzed mariner has to be sent in search of the missing articles, and—there you are. The moves from forty to fifty are more difficult, being apparently casual displays of skill and daring in the rigging, over the sides of the ship, on slippery decks, etc. In rough weather these moves are very effective, being exercised ostensibly in behalf of the comfort and safety of the passenger. The moves covering the treatment and alleged cure of seasickness—there are fifty variants of this "graft" alone—command a large and constant share of the attention of all sea-checkers worthy of the name. The remedies prescribed are infinite in number and variety; but every one of them has either whiskey, brandy, or gin as a principal ingredient—and if, as usually happens, the patient can't bear the sight of the stuff he has ordered and paid for, why, the steward will kindly oblige. When it comes to dealing with engaged couples and sentimental travelers generally, the game of sea-checkers soars into the highest realms of strategy, imagination, and *finecane*. Moonlight is coined into silver and gold; and secluded corners—especially those forbidden to passengers—afford a richer yield than a Klondike claim in auriferous Alaska.

How intensely modern all this is! The crude, old-time methods of Captain Kidd and the buccaneers of the Spanish Main have been superseded entirely, in the gathering of ocean spoils, by the subtle and intellectual piracy of sea-checkers.

Official Whiskey-shops.

IT was the boast of Governor Tillman and his fellow-Populists that when they went to the extremity of things and placed South Carolina in the whiskey business, their example would become a shining mark for all other commonwealths to contemplate and emulate. The crazy plan of dispensaries has had several years of trial, and instead of being a shining mark, it is such a

deplorable exhibition of official corruption and public depravity that even the men who fastened it upon the State are turning away their heads in shame. The system, as is well known, takes in hand absolutely the entire liquor traffic of the State, even going so far as to try to shut out, in defiance of interstate commerce, wines or liquors in original packages—it failed in this most lamentably—and turning over the profits to the State. Now it is discovered that of the ninety official dispensers of the State not one has a bond worth the paper it is written on, and so far one-third of them are short in their accounts all the way from fifty to four thousand seven hundred dollars each, and not one cent of the money can be recovered. When the other two-thirds find out the legal immunity the total will probably be increased. As an example of the innate depravity of the traffic when combined with the depravity of politics, this exhibit is surely interesting. And the delicious part of it all is that the Populists called this system "South Carolina's Great Moral Institution."

This morality is further and even more disastrously shown in the further facts. The first purpose was to furnish absolutely pure liquors to take the place of the chemical concoctions of the grog-shops. The cheapest was the "Double X" at thirty-five cents a pint, with a profit of one hundred per cent. It would eat the rust off of old iron, but the South Carolina stomach is seasoned. And yet it was too high. A year ago, to meet the demand for cheapness, the "Single X" was introduced at twenty-five cents a pint, fifteen cents for half-pints. This was done to meet the competition of the blind tigers, which bought the other and doctored it, underselling the dispensaries. The lower grade was called "Kill Me Quick," and a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* in Columbia says: "Its prompt effects had the advantage of depriving the imbiber of ability to kill any one else." Still this would not suffice. The captain in the comic opera called for "something h-o-t that will b-u-r-n." That is what the negroes wanted. And so a grade at twenty cents a pint was furnished—the "No. X." And the same correspondent veraciously affirms that a farmer who mixed these two brands went home and tried to eat his two-hundred-pound mother-in-law.

It must be remembered that with these ridiculously low prices the State is making its one hundred per cent. profit—that is, if it gets it from the dispensers—but the horror of it all is to see a government lowered into the dirt by such methods, and a people brutalized and pauperized by such poisons, sold under the seal of the State and apparently for the State's profit. It is a deplorable exhibition.

The Fashionable Woman's Hat.

THERE are no qualifications to the abuse which is heaped from almost every quarter, and properly, upon the prevailing hat of the day—and yet it flourishes and promises to grow even bigger and more absurd. At church and at the theatre, in the car and in the carriage; from the point of view of the pocket-book, of the artist who remembers the dowdiness of even the most highly praised hat in its second season, and of the traveler who must devise some method of transporting it without giving up an entire trunk to its majestic use, it is a nuisance and only a nuisance. Loaded with artificial blossoms, or all that remains of our dwindling tribes of songsters, heavy with jets and velvets, bristling with wired and perishable laces, it stalks like a nightmare through our streets, a monstrosity in feathers and flowers. If it might only be trimmed with the carcasses of the English sparrows we could bear it better, but the hat of the day has no such mitigating feature. Only the rarest and sweetest of our birds are considered fit sacrifices for it, and little girls by the score are killed, we are told, in order to furnish forth its brilliantly-colored floral decorations, made gaudy by poisonous dyes which strike death into the hands of their child-workers.

The Italian woman winds a bit of bright drapery around her luxuriant black locks, or leaves them quite uncovered, to their infinite advantage, we are told. The bicycle girl dons a hat or cap very much like her brother's. Either the close, light hat or the weightless turban is a vast improvement upon the ghastly structures which stand as a monument to-day to the vanity and utter abandonment of our women to fashion.

In the first place, why are artificial flowers so popular as hat-trimmings? They are not considered to possess beauty for any other purpose, except for ball-gowns. In a parlor, they impart an air of vulgarity. As decorations for any scene they are usually thought meretricious and execrable. When their first bloom is gone they are unspeakable. A faded natural flower has a certain pathetic dignity. A faded artificial flower is a contemptible reminder of a contemptible effort to achieve a contemptible purpose. It belongs with the glass beads and war-paint of the savage.

The wings and stuffed birds which form such common ornaments for hats have been so sweepingly condemned by every reputable newspaper, by our best public speakers, by the votes of societies, and even by our law-makers, that one looks with amazement upon the effrontery of the ignorant and unrefined creatures who persist in appearing in public with their hats so decorated.

Until women learn to adopt a more reasonable style of head-gear it may well be doubted whether they will ever be trusted to any considerable extent with responsibility. They insist that they are competent to do anything—that their brains are just as good as man's—and they adduce red-sealed diplomas to prove their position, as well as certain undeniable achievements, but their hats bewray them. So long as That Hat crowns the imperial brow of woman, doubts must inevitably arise concerning her complete sanity, and concerning the purity of the gray matter claimed to exist in such desirable quantities underneath that frivolous-looking cranium. How can one expect to be venerated with such imperfections upon her head?

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE announcement made some time ago that Vice-President Hobart had resigned all his offices of trust except that of railway arbitrator, was interesting in itself, for he was known to be a very busy man, but it becomes more interesting when the particulars of the sacrifice involved are understood. Visitors to Mr. Hobart's old office in Paterson used to see him seated at an enormous desk, but it was only on looking behind it that they appreciated how many irons he had in the fire. In the rear of the desk was a rack perhaps seven feet high and fully twice as long, in which were contained a hundred tin boxes, each neatly labeled with the name of some company or business organization in which he held an office—of one the presidency, of another the vice-presidency or a directorship, but of most of them he was treasurer. It is difficult to find a man interested in more industries than Mr. Hobart was at the time of his election, or one more methodical in the transaction of business. His entire working day was parceled out into periods of ten minutes, each of which was devoted to some special feature of work, or to some appointment for an interview.

—Roland Hinton Perry is a young sculptor-painter who has recently achieved prominence through his design for the fountain

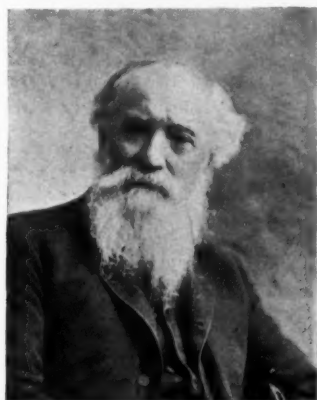


ROLAND HINTON PERRY.

of the Congressional Library at Washington. Mr. Perry is of New England descent. He was born in New York City twenty-seven years ago, his father being George Perry, for many years editor of the New York Home Journal. His first artistic training was received at the New York Art Students' League, supplemented later by instruction at the Julian Académie and L'École des Beaux Arts in Paris. At this time his intention was to devote himself exclusively to painting, and several of his canvases were exhibited at the Salon. Mr. Perry found his true vocation—that of plastic art—almost by accident. Taking up modeling as a side issue, he gained several prizes, and thereupon decided to become a sculptor. His fountain, which is now being placed in position in front of the Congressional Library, represents what might appropriately be styled "The Court of Neptune." The sea-god, a colossal bronze figure, is represented seated on a rock, looking out over his dominions. On each side stands a Triton, blowing water through conch-shells on to sea-nymphs, which are astride fiery hippocamps, or sea-horses, in niches to the side and rear. At present Mr. Perry is at work on a group of "Leda and the Swan," for a fountain for one of the Western cities.

—The daily press tells the public all about J. P. Morgan's extraordinary feats in restoring sick railways to financial health, or subscribing for an entire issue of government bonds, but it has little to say of his private benefactions. Perhaps that is because the banker takes such pains to conceal the gifts he makes; for he does his favors with an affectation of brusqueness, and the more princely his present the more he seems to resent any undue appreciation of it. One recent instance of his generosity was exhibited to a young doctor, who had fallen ill and was in despair about his prospective loss of practice. Word reached him that the banker wanted to see him, and when he appeared at Mr. Morgan's office he was handed an envelope containing tickets to the South for himself and family, and a cheque for five thousand dollars for traveling expenses. The banker had only a slight acquaintance with the doctor, but had heard, from a trustworthy source, of his misfortunes. At another time a lady who sat next him at dinner told him of a poor choir-boy with a promising voice, who sang for ten cents a Sunday in a village church. She solicited his assistance for the boy, and the banker, pulling a fat roll of bills from his pocket, said: "Take this for him; I don't know how much it is, but it will do." It was, in fact, a small fortune for the lad. Other stories of this kind are told of him by Mr. Morgan's friends, and there is a Prince Fortunatus aspect to them that throws an interesting light on the great banker's character.

—John Burroughs is our representative American prose-poet of nature. He has exotic reminiscences, too, and somewhat of the wild-thyme odor of Theocritus mingles in his



MR. JOHN BURROUGHS.

writings with the briar-rose scents of the Hudson valley. He has qualities of Thoreau without the erratic, and of Walt Whitman sans the erotic. Burroughs, in short, is a scholarly, philosophical, and thoroughly practical poet, diversifying the production of such works as "Birds and Poets" and "Signs and Seasons" with the prosaic duties of farmer and bank-examiner. He is sixty years old, a native of New York State, and is of a temperament that "loves not man the less, but nature more." In 1874 he settled on the now famous farm at Esopus on the Hudson, not far from Poughkeepsie. His home proper is named Riverby, and away up the mountain-side, in the midst of the forests, where the yellow warbler warbles and the red-winged blackbird flashes by, he has constructed a hermit lodge and christened it "Slab-

sides." This is his summer study, where "Pepacton" and other out-door classics were written. Over the front door hangs a curious-looking black root, which the genial master tells his visitors is a Japanese symbol of welcome. "You've got to tell folks something, you know."

—The ladies' golf championship of Great Britain was played for at Gullane, Scotland, the last week in May, and Miss Edith



MISS EDITH ORR.

Orr won the title from a field of one hundred and two, the list including fifty-five English, thirty-seven Scottish, and ten Irish ladies. Miss Orr learned her game as a child upon the celebrated links of North Berwick, and has played constantly for years at Machrihanish, Nairn, and Dornoch. Her driving swing is rather short, but her iron play and putting is deadly, and she plays all her strokes with the unconscious ease and certainty which can only be acquired in the plastic period of youth. An older sister was the silver medalist at this same meeting, and it is said that there are no less than six other young ladies in the Orr family who are all devoted to the game, and who play it well. There is also a brother who is a noted golfer. Truly this is a noble muster even for the native heath of the 'Royal and Ancient,' and Scotland may, perhaps, be justified in resting quietly upon her Ors for unnumbered future honors in the world of feminine golf.

—Mrs. Bradley Martin has an international reputation for executive ability. When she took her little sixteen-year-old



THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

daughter out of school and married her to the young Earl of Craven every one recognized it as a *coup d'état*. No one outside of Mrs. Bradley Martin's immediate circle had ever heard that she had a daughter. It is three years now since the fair young Cornelia became the Countess of Craven, and at nineteen she is tall, sweet-faced, and graceful. She is very happy, for the marriage, strange to say, was a love-match; and although the bride brought her titled husband many millions, he was in no need of the wealth, having a large fortune in his own right. The present Earl of Craven is the fourth, and has also the title of Viscount Uffington and Baron Craven. He is captain of the Royal Berkshire Yeomanry, and was aide-de-camp to Lord Zetland, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He is twenty-six years old, and a fine, manly young Englishman. The country-seats of the Cravens are Coombe Abbey, the family home of the Cravens for over two hundred and fifty years, situated amid vast lands in Coventry; Ashdown Park, at Lambourn, Berkshire, a great hunting estate; and Hamstead Marshall, another beautiful home. For a town house the Cravens rent some furnished mansion when they go up to London for a season.

—Cy Warman, the engineer-poet, who is notorious as the author of "Sweet Marie," has returned from a year's absence abroad. His observations of the railroads of Europe, Egypt, and the Orient have been published under the title of "Tales of an Engineer." Mr. Warman is now spending the summer with his family in London, Canada, his wife's former home. Lately he has been engaged on a series of short stories for an Eastern periodical; and at present he is writing a book of railroad tales for boys. The "Express Messenger" is another book of railroad stories already on the press. Mr. Warman is the father of two fine boys, of whom he is very proud. When asked by an English author where he was educated, he replied: "On the

farm, in the fields and forest, in the mines and smelters of the West, in the machine-shops, and, finally, in the cab of a locomotive amid the Rocky Mountains, where I was graduated ten years ago, ten thousand feet above the sea."

—Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell University, has been able to give the Cornell oarsmen some valuable hints on the athletic training of the ancient Greeks, in whose history, language, and literature he is so thoroughly at home. When Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins, was asked to write a review article on "The Modern Greek as a Fighting Man," based on his own personal observations in Greece, he promptly suggested Wheeler as the best available authority. Mr. Wheeler was, as recently as 1896, director of the American School for Classical Studies in Athens, leaving Greece the same summer that Mr. Gildersleeve spent there investigating the survival of the racial characteristics of the classic Greeks among the men and women of the Ionian Islands. Mr. Wheeler's article was completed before the actual beginning of hostilities between Greeks and Turks; but he wasn't far away from conclusions when he wrote, "The (ancient) Athenians greatly preferred to have their fighting done for them," and "in the moment of emergency a Greek battalion is liable to become *ex uno plures*." The ancient Greeks seemed to excel as runners; although the courage of their princes was rarely doubted.

—Captain Oberlin M. Carter, of the United States Corps of Engineers, has been appointed military attaché to the American Embassy at London. He will also represent this country at the convention of the International Association of Engineers for testing constructing materials at Stockholm. It is quite probable that Captain Carter will be asked by President McKinley to accept a position with the Nicaraguan Canal commission. Captain Carter has had long experience in work on the harbors and rivers and fortifications, and is very well known, but the recent bestowal of honors upon him in rapid succession has brought



CAPTAIN OBERLIN M. CARTER.

him into greater prominence in the military and engineering service. He was graduated from West Point Academy with the class of 1880, with the highest standing ever made there up to that time, having made 1,939.6 out of a possible 1,950 score.

—An irreverent Jersey newspaper, impatient for improvements on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, remarked that "a few first-class funerals might improve matters." However that may be, it is certain that the road's venerable president, "Sam" Sloan, as he is known to all railroad men, is as lively and vigorous at seventy-nine as a man thirty years younger. People who see him on his way to town from his summer home at Garrison's are impressed with his energy, and he has ten years more at least of active life. Mr. Sloan is almost unique among railway presidents in standing by the officials who have grown old in the road's service. He never, if he can help it, lops off a head because it has grown gray. The Lackawanna's traffic-manager, who is within a year or two of the president in age, has been with the road for thirty-seven years, while the general superintendent, the general passenger agent, and other head employes have records of from twenty to thirty years of continuous service with the road. And the stockholders, viewing the regular dividends and the undivided surplus that some day will be theirs, think that this is a policy which pays in the long run.

—William Archer's criticisms of plays are in high demand with English literary journals, and even in America he is widely



MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

quoted. Mr. Archer is a Shakespearean advocate, and bemoans the decay of the great drama. He is Sir Henry Irving's right-hand critic, so to speak, and when Duse appeared in London his praise of her was enthusiastic. Recently, his admirable review of the Victorian drama has been widely quoted, and he reiterates that if the plays of Shakespeare are to continue, something of what is known as the tradition of the later Shakespearean actors will have to be revived. Edwin Booth, in Mr. Archer's eyes, conserved those traditions in full. Mr. Archer is only thirty-eight years of age, and works with energy and distinction in his chosen field.

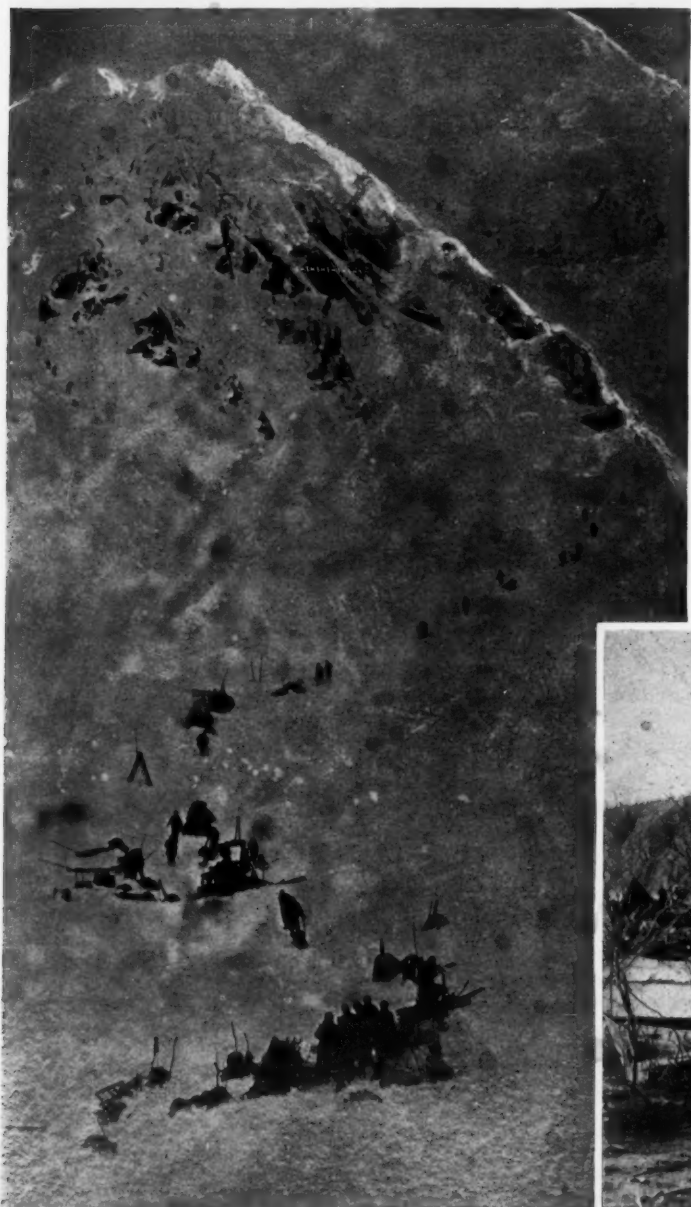
—The affairs of Louise Imogen Guiney are again a matter of public concern on account of her resignation of the Auburndale (Massachusetts) post-office. The salary was never large, and as it has been reduced, Miss Guiney finds that it will be as profitable for her to abandon clerical duties and give all her time to literary work. This speaks well for the financial success of her verse. Perhaps we shall have a President some day who will reserve a few foreign consulships for deserving poetesses and other literary ladies, to balance accounts partly with the literary men who get ambassadorships and other big plums. New England is very proud of Miss Guiney, who, in spite of her spectacles and prim face, is an attractive woman. People who live further West usually pronounce her name as if it were spelled "Guinea," but the first syllable should rhyme with "shy."



RAFTING IN SUPPLIES ON THE YUKON RIVER.



ORE AT DAWSON CITY.



SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS.



CAMP ON THE KLONDIKE.



STEAMER "BELLA'S" FIRST LANDING AT KLONDIKE.



LUMBER-MILL AT DAWSON, ON THE KLONDIKE.



DAWSON CITY—THE MINING CAMP WHERE THE RICH ORE WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

The Arctic El Dorado—Scenes in the New Gold-fields of the Klondike, in Southeastern Alaska.

A gold-mining boom, apparently as important as that of California in '49, if not even greater, has struck Alaska. Probably it will work as great changes in the face of the country as did that memorable find which turned the eyes of the world towards the Pacific coast a little less than half a century ago. On July 14th there arrived in San Francisco a little band of tanned and grizzled men—miners from the upper Yukon, in Alaska. There was nothing peculiar about their outfits except the bulky sacks that all of them watched so carefully. These sacks were of canvas, deer-hide, and buckskin, and every one of them was crammed with gold—gold in nuggets big as hazel-nuts, gold in grains, and fine gold like sand or dust. The supply of bags had given out, and some men carried jelly-jars and fruit-cans in their pockets, full of the precious dust, and carefully secured with twine and paper. The mint had closed for the day when the steamer from Alaska, the *Eccelsior*, arrived. The gold-dust was taken to Selby's smelting-works, where it was poured out on the counter and scooped up, like so much sugar, with copper scoops.

The Klondike River, where the discoveries were made, is a branch of the Yukon, and most of the gold is in British territory. Americans are very fairly treated there, however. To get there from San Francisco, one can sail two thousand five hundred miles to St. Michael's, the seaport near the mouth of the Yukon, and then travel by steamer up the river, across American territory and well into the British, to Dawson City. There is a shorter route, more hazardous, but which is generally taken by would-be miners. This is by way of Juneau, and from there by dogs or afoot to the new land of promise. The journey can be accomplished in about twenty-five days after leaving Juneau. The outfit is rather expensive, as no man is advised to go into the region without provisions for eight months. Able-bodied men are in demand, and wages are as high as fifteen dollars a day. The supplies for Dawson City are carried in by Indians and with dogs, or rafted up the river. Life in Alaska presents many hardships. Food is dear and scarce. It is very hot during the brief summer season, while in winter the thermometer falls down to forty below zero, and stays there.



"Other explanations, of a more tender character, were in progress behind the curtain."

NOT IN THE PLAY.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

PART II.

THE stage-manager had ordered all the actors to be present an hour before the rising of the curtain, which was to occur at half-past eight. When Robert Hewell arrived, a few minutes before eight, almost all the troupe were present. Each amateur actress had brought three or four women to assist in her toilet; and as the dressing-rooms were few, the crowded rooms, the rushings to and fro of actors and dressers, with frequent collisions, the noise of hammers, the moving of scenery, the anguished appeals of the stage-manager, produced a pandemonium scarcely equaled by the confusion of tongues at Babel.

Bob hurriedly donned his costume and issued forth from his

dressing-room to see if he could get a few words with his sweetheart, Mary Hayden. He found her in a corner with a copy of the play, giving a last look at her lines. She pretended to be unaware of his approach.

"Good-evening, Miss Mary," said Hewell, tentatively.

"Good-evening," replied the girl, without lifting her eyes.

"Your costume is immensely becoming."

"Thanks."

"There's a splendid house."

"Is there?" responded Miss Hayden, indifferently.

"Yes," said Bob.

The ice grew thicker and Bob despairingly plunged.

"May I see you home after the play?"

"No; I have an engagement."

"May I come to see you to-morrow evening?"

"No," and Miss Hayden walked away majestically, as became a countess.

Hewell viewed her receding figure with a bewildered, helpless look, and, moving on blindly, nearly collided with the funny young man elaborately dressed and made up as an old maid.

"Say, Hewell, how do I look?" he asked, with a smirk.

"Like hell!" exclaimed the irritated Hewell, and passed on.

Nellie Merriwether was anxiously gazing through a peep-hole in the curtain. It was almost half-past eight, the time for the

play to begin. The house was crowded, and even the aisles were filled with a throng of men packed together like Havanas in a box. Several girls protested against Nellie's monopoly of the hole of observation, but she declined to surrender the coveted post, and they left her indignantly.

Nellie, with a side glance, caught sight of Bob's disconsolate figure.

"Come here, Mr. Hewell."

Bob drew near.

"Don't you want to take a peep?"

"Thanks, Miss Nellie; I won't deprive you."

"It's a big house," said the girl, again gluing her eye to the aperture in the curtain.

"Yes, it's as full as it can hold."

"Everybody seems to be here—everybody but Mr. Oldham. I don't see him anywhere."

"He's not coming."

"Not coming to see our play!" exclaimed Miss Merriwether, hastily withdrawing her face from the curtain to stare at Hewell.

"No."

"Why?"

"He didn't say."

"But you know?"

"Well, I have my opinion."

"Couldn't you persuade him to come?"

"He was so decided in his manner, and so averse to argument, I saw it would be no use to try."

"You mean he was cross?"

"Well, he wasn't gay."

"You ought to be ashamed to speak ill of him behind his back! He's worth two of you," said the girl, her disappointment turning to anger.

"I know it," said Hewell, meekly.

"You are not fit to tie Jack Oldham's shoes. It's all your fault," she exclaimed, hysterically. "I hate you, Bob Hewell, and when this horrid play's over, don't you ever dare to speak to me again."

Had poor Bob's astonishment permitted him to speak, there was no time for further words. The village orchestra were crashing out the last bars of the overture, and the stage-manager came up excitedly.

"Come, Miss Nellie; come, Hewell; the curtain's about to go up."

However disagreeable the last half-hour had been to the leading actors, the jarring conversations related did not militate against the success of the play. The preliminary friction seemed to have strung the nerves of the players to just the proper pitch. From the first word the play went far better than at any rehearsal. The countess was more superbly proud and stately, the gallant officer more reckless and devil-may-care, and as for the gypsy girl, her cheeks burned and her eyes flashed, coquettish and vengeful by turns, with more than the spirit of the traditional stage Zingara. Even the old-maid duenna seemed to have rebounded from the shock of Hewell's uncomplimentary speech, and by an absurd impersonation and realistic make-up won the furious applause of the delighted audience.

Between the acts Nellie Merriwether spent every available moment at the hole in the curtain, with the vain hope that Oldham would reconsider and appear. She was more miserable than she had ever been in her life, and she longed for the play to be over, that she might have a good cry.

"You're acting splendidly, Miss Nellie," said the stage-manager. "If that pistol-scene goes off right, the play will be a glorious success. Be sure you give the trigger a strong pull."

"Are you sure there's a blank cartridge in it?" asked the wretched girl.

"Don't you fear. Bob Hewell says Oldham loaded it."

But the climax of the play was fast approaching, for the curtain had gone up on the fourth act. In her unaccustomed garb and unusual surroundings the girl felt as if she were moving in a dream. The words of the actors on the stage floated back to her and throbbed painfully in her ears. She would give all she possessed to be away from the fevered place. But she must go through her part; there was no escape. The theatre was thronged with people who had paid to witness the play. During the rendition of the piece she was, so to speak, their slave. The excited attention of the assembled town was focused on the stage. The judge and prominent members of the Bar from a circuit of ten counties were in the audience. The success or failure of the drama would be decided in the next five minutes, and everything depended on her. Her entrance on the stage was to be made down a rocky hillside, and to reach the point of entrance a ladder was placed behind the scene.

"Your cue will come in a moment," said the stage-manager. "Don't be frightened, but climb right up the ladder. There! Now here's the pistol. It's hammerless; all you have to do is to pull the trigger. A strong pull, remember!"

She took the pistol with a shudder.

"Wait a second," said the man. "Listen! Now—that's your cue! Go on!"

Throwing her crimson scarf over her shoulders she glided stealthily from rock to rock. The eyes of the house immediately caught the bright hues of her costume and followed her movements breathlessly.

With love, rage, and despair bodied forth in pantomime, she paused a moment, then sprang towards the foot-lights and fired!

Simultaneously came a violent blow on her trembling wrist and the smoking revolver flew out into the audience, and she heard Jack Oldham exclaim:

"In time, thank God!"

Then she fainted.

To the semi-rural audience, watching the stage with intense interest and nerves wrought up to the highest pitch, the rush upon the stage of Jack Oldham, bareheaded and in *propria persona*, was a touch too much, and when their astonished ears caught his loud exclamation and the revolver came flying towards them, a brief bewilderment was followed by a moment of terror. On the fall of the curtain the wildest confusion ensued. Women screamed and fainted, and men ran towards the stage.

With wits enlightened by a terse explanation from Oldham, the stage-manager hurried before the curtain and by a well-chosen speech averted the incipient panic.

While this was transpiring before the curtain, other explanations, of a more tender character, were in progress behind it. Assisted by the pleasing spectacle of the frightened and repentant Nellie weeping upon Oldham's shoulder, Bob Hewell effected a speedy reconciliation with Mary Hayden.

Nellie was abject.

"Oh, Jack, I'll never try to make you jealous again!" She never did.

It is needless to state that the fifth act of the drama was not given. Anything further would have seemed an anti-climax after the thrilling occurrence of the great scene that was not in the play.

As We Live Now.

MINES AND ROAD-AGENTS IN ARIZONA.

IN the past Arizona shared with Texas the reputation of being the wickedest place in the United States. When Satan, wearying of Dallas, seized his opera-hat and left his wife, who, as the poet tells us, is a woman of parts and perfectly capable of running her lord's affairs, to deal with Lone-star saints and sinners, he generally put in a few days' time at Tucson or Tombstone. But that is ancient history. Texas is now an exemplar of virtue, with a larger school-fund than any other State enjoys, and a law against carrying concealed weapons which is rigidly enforced. Law and order and pure morality are raising their heads in Arizona also, and by and by immigrants who propose to settle will have to bring certificates of good standing from their last church.

The Territory is thus preparing for an era in which Arizona will be the most interesting portion of the country, as it is the one which offers the richest field for the historian, the archaeologist, and the student of anthropology. It is on the cards that in the coming century people will think less of Assyriologists and Egyptologists than of masters of the ancient lore of Arizona. For it is reasonably probable that before the mound-builders began their cruciform forts, Arizona was the home of a cultured and intelligent people, who subdued nature to their wants and solved problems which are puzzling the engineers of today.

In prehistoric times it must have been a tempting resting-place for races which were flying from a ruthless conqueror. It was commendable in soil and climate and resources. Its charms were varied. The observatory at Flagstaff, in which Percival Lowell is introducing us to the marvels of Mars and Mercury, nestles in the shade of the San Francisco range, on whose crest the snow never melts; six hours from there by a slow railroad the traveler reaches Phenix, where water never freezes. In the level through which the railroad now runs, a ductile clay enabled the aborigine to build him a square adobe hut, in which he defied heat and cold, and which was not liable to be washed away as the mud-houses of the fellah are even in our time; the adjacent hills were clothed with a rich growth of white pine, which still flourishes and is sawn into boards and shingles and two-by-fours. In the storms of past ages some of these trees fell, and a stream of silicious water flowed over them and petrified them, eating away all the woody fibre and substituting a silica, which, when it is clear, is known as chalcedony. The petrified wood has the hardness of stone, and is susceptible of a polish as high. The original Arizonians doubtless used it for their furniture and household utensils.

How they lived we should know better if we could read the inscriptions they left on the rocks, and Dr. Hughes, of the University of Pennsylvania, who is reading for us the tablets of Nippur, might serve his science well if he transferred his genius from the banks of the Euphrates to the banks of the Gila. That they were an agricultural people is obvious from the intricate system of irrigating-canals, of which the ruins are still visible near the Gila and Salt rivers. They had learned, even at that remote period, that, while Arizona is not destitute of rainfall, the actual precipitation, if it were evenly distributed at the growing seasons throughout the State, averaging from seven to nine inches—more than some of the productive regions of Spain enjoy—yet still, to fertilize the soil, the precious liquid must be carefully drawn off from the rivers when they are full, and husbanded in reservoirs against the season when they are empty. Like all peoples in the rudimentary stage of development, they were intensely religious, as their temples show. Further, science knows nothing and, not knowing, says nothing. Were they the race whom the early Mexican writers called Toltecs, the builders? Or were they the ruthless, conquering Aztecs, to whom the sight of the smoking blood of a young man, welling from the hole through which a priest had wrenched his pulsing heart, was a pride and a joy? Or were they an older race than either?

They do not seem to have been aware that the great riches of Arizona lay in her mines. No ancient mining tools are found in deserted shafts, as on Lake Superior. This is the stranger because all the minerals of the Territory have been detected in one day by the surface outcrop, and that outcrop spreads from north to south and from east to west. It embraces nearly all the precious metals. Due south of the bend in the Grand Cañon a mineral belt running nearly north and south extends from Ashford on the railroad to Wickenburg, and on it fine mines are being worked, such as the Jerome. The mineral is chiefly gold, which is found in iron and copper pyrites; the sulphur is got rid of by modern processes, which obviate the slow, roasting furnaces of the last mining era, and the residuum is treated by chemical devices which are to this day only imperfectly understood by the pyrites miners of Spain.

In the southeastern corner of the Territory silver is the chief mineral. Years ago Tombstone was the most prosperous camp of the Territory; it is said to have contributed ten or more millions to the silver supply of the world. Unfortunately, a strong miners' union was established there, and ten years ago, or about then, the union insisted on running the mines—as such labor combinations generally do when they get the upper hand. They passed resolutions regulating rates of wages and working shifts. The owners explained that the conditions of labor must vary with the grade of the ore and the cost of smelting. But the men would not listen. After some months spent in fruitless controversy the owners took the only course they could pursue

—they shut down the mines. Tombstone ceased to be a stone, and became a tomb in very earnest.

The silver-mines in the vicinity of Silver City and Clifton were more fortunate. They had their troubles with strikes; but they outlived them, and they are prosperous producers today. But the lion's share of the mineral production of the Territory consists of copper. The copper belt extends from the neighborhood of Prescott in a southeasterly direction nearly to Deming, and there are good mines outside of the belt.

The generation which was graduated from school ten years ago remembers Arizona as a good stock country, but also the paradise of the road-agent. The catalogue of train robberies in the Territory, kept at police headquarters, is prodigiously long. All the famous criminals who figure in the calendar of highway robbery have some exploits in Arizona recorded to their credit or discredit. For a long time the two great railroads—the Southern Pacific and the Atchison line—had temporary termini in the Territory, and round such termini and the saloons and dance-halls they beget, the dangerous class always collects. "Other States," said an old highwayman, "may boast of their classic spots, such as Hangtown and Dead Man's Gulch, but for a place where a gentleman can see quick and straight shooting, give me Arizona." When the Duke of Sutherland and his party passed through Deming, Sir William Russell—better known as Bull Run Russell—records that he stepped out of the car and asked if there was any news.

"Nothin' particler," said a nonchalant bystander, leaning against a telegraph-pole; "we've had two shootin'-scrapes this mornin', an' 'tain't a good mornin' fer shootin' either."

The old fashion of setting a train-robber at either end of a drawing-room car, with instructions to require the passengers to surrender their valuables under pain of instant death, has quite gone out; it too often happened that an irritable passenger drew a bead on the nearest bandit and shot him where he stood. The custom now is for the road-agent to cut off the express-car from the rest of the train, and to rob it at leisure, leaving the passengers unmolested. If the express-messenger is recalcitrant or slow in his movements his car is blown open with dynamite, and the robbers make a careful selection of its contents. Even this industry has been checked in its infant struggles by a tendency on the part of express-messengers—when left alive—to take quick shots at the robbers with a sawed-off rifle loaded with buckshot, as they retired with their plunder. Deplorable accidents have occurred from this reprehensible practice. It has been observed that when a well-known road-agent meets an untimely death in this way his pals retire from business for a time, probably for prayer and meditation.

The most famous of the Arizona outlaws, Black Jack, was an epicure in his business, and towards the close of his life robbed nothing but post-offices. The gains were small, but the risk was almost nothing, the office being often kept by a woman, and Black Jack was so much of a gentleman that he never laid his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness, so long as she handed out the registered mail promptly. He did some little business likewise in looting the offices of mining companies just before pay-day. This branch was lucrative, but there was always the risk that the watchman might get the drop on the robber.

It became the fashion, years ago, for mining companies and other concerns which handled large sums of money in Arizona to employ the worst of the road-agents to act as watchmen at high wages. Thus one of the most prosperous copper companies hires, at a very high salary, a fellow who is said to have eighteen murders on his conscience, and yet is a most faithful and trustworthy guardian of the property under his charge. Towns followed the example. Tombstone had for a long time in its employ as city marshal one of the brothers Earp, each of whom always fired with his gun resting on his arm. Experience had taught them that this practice gave them a start of two or three seconds over the shooter who raises his gun to the level of the eye, and in pot-hunting two or three seconds are everything. A town not far from Tombstone had been greatly injured by the riotous behavior of some of its residents who were "bad men." It engaged, at a salary of ten thousand a year, the very worst desperado in the Territory to act as city marshal. The day after his appointment he was accosted by three noted ruffians, who, drawing their guns, sneered:

"So you're a-goin' to run this here town, air yer?"

The new marshal had his gun up his sleeve, and before the rascals could pull trigger he fired three times, and each time laid a man dead at his feet.

"'Tain't everything," said he, "to draw quick and shoot straight; yer must put yer lead where it will do most good. Ef yer don't, t'other party may slice yer with his knife after you've shot him."

It is said of the famous outlaws who gave Arizona its bad name, that every one is dead, and died with his boots on. Desperadoes who make a living by road-agency never forgive; if an officer sends them to State's prison they will go for him when their term expires and hunt him to his death. Hence detectives who have secured the arrest and conviction of famous robbers change their domicile when the latter are liberated, or take measures for the removal of their foe to another and a better sphere. If this cannot be effected the man-hunters enter the employ of railroads or express companies on the other side of the continent. The Pinkertons always transfer their men when they do a good piece of work.

As to the road-agents themselves, they are compelled, in the exercise of their profession, to make so many enemies, and so many rich and influential people are interested in their removal, that they always carry their lives in their hands. No one would think of crying "Hands up!" to a ruffian who will shoot on the first suspicion of danger. Such a fellow never passes a street-corner without feeling that a shot may come from behind a telegraph-pole, and that it may close his career.

It is the duty of a sheriff, in Arizona as elsewhere, to demand a surrender before opening fire on the man he has cornered. But, in fact, the demand is seldom made. When the villain is clearly identified a shot from one of the posse precedes the challenge.

And this is the reason why the air is becoming so much clearer in Arizona, and why, in that Territory, the road-agent is becoming as rare as the buffalo.

JOHN BONNER.

Luncheon Etiquette for Women who Work.

THERE are laws, written and unwritten, for guidance in matters social and polite; laws that have come down to us from goodness only knows where, formulated by goodness only knows whom, but that are admirable in their way, and that have become fixed, orthodox authority from which there is no appeal. In the business woman's orbit there are no laws, alterable or otherwise. The business woman herself is an anomaly dating back only twenty years or so—a mere fraction-of-a-fraction of time in the world's history. Nobody has yet had time to think out any etiquette regulations for her guidance, but she has adopted and adapted a definitely-indefinite code for herself, and according to her observance thereof is attributed her measure of success or failure.

The full-fledged business woman, she who has sounded the ground in all directions and established for herself a firm footing, from whence she can view the quagmires and quicksands around, says to the fledgeling just feeling her way: "Accept no attentions from the men whom you must defer to, no matter how trivial. If a woman would succeed in business she must obliterate every trace of sex privilege and sex precedent absolutely and entirely." And, although she may not say so in words, her manner plainly indicates, "I have tried it, and I know."

"Don't take luncheon with any man whom you work for," she continues; "don't ride in the cars with him, at least not voluntarily; don't walk even a couple of yards on the street with him, and don't laugh and talk with him in between times, as though he and you were social acquaintances,"—and the manner with which this last is said implies plainly, "No good can come of it, I warn you—only embarrassment; something that you will regret and that will tell against you in the long run."

"If a woman would succeed in business she must separate her business and social interests wholly and entirely," is the opinion of another woman. "She must be a machine—an accurate, painstaking machine—but still a machine, automatic, sexless, inanimate, except in matters relating to business. I have had experience, and I know."

The fledgeling-graduate from the business college listens to these carefully-wrought-out deductions, and remembers, guiltily, that she has more than once been betrayed into laughter during work-a-day hours—laughter that, if analyzed, would be found to have had its origin in something other than business, legitimately considered; remembers that more than once she has encountered one of the lords of the office on her walks abroad and has not passed by on the other side, and that otherwise she has violated these true and tried axioms, and done the things that she should not have done; but there is health in her still, and, moreover, protest, and curiosity to know why business women should be so entirely free in some respects and so especially limited in others.

"Why must a woman in business be a mere machine?" she asks. "The less a man in business is like a machine the better it is for him. There are many little deals and transactions and half-formed ideas entered into, and given impetus and development, in and at those very little social communings and luncheons and aside-chats that business men indulge in. Why can it not be so with women, if they really go into business for life?"

"Simply because it can't," is the response. "Women are different; what answers for the men in business doesn't hold good for them. A business woman must effect the same results as her men confrères, but she must achieve them in a dead-in-earnest, hard-work fashion, whereas the men can go round by short cuts through pleasant and flowery meads and reach the same end. If a woman attempts the short cuts and pleasant paths, enlivened by social diversion, as a means to that end, she meets with interferences that make her quickly alter her course and get back to the straight, monotonous road."

"But women are not different—at least, not in business," protests the fledgeling. "If they want to compete with men in business, and they are able mentally to compete with them, it seems to me they ought to get rid of all these 'embarrassments' you talk of, and make use of all the chances they can, social and every other way."

At this the veteran advisers merely shake their heads, implying, "Try it and see."

"I've got it," adds the graduate from the woman's business college. "Here's the whole gist of the matter. In business the proper—that is, the most expedient—code is for a woman to drop all the privileges and precedents of the sex, but abide by the restrictions."

"Exactly," chime in the others.

"Then, in that case, if she comes out even with the men in the end, materially speaking, she has proved herself far and away superior to them."

The business-college graduate does not know as much at the end of her first year in business as she does at the end of the second, and in the third year she has just begun to get a glimmering of things as they really are. It is very probable that she is human at the start, being earth-born, and that she forgets and lets herself out occasionally, and gets into tepid, if not really hot, water in consequence. It may really be that she has a genuine bit of sunshine in her nature and can't help either getting interested in things or having things get interested in her. This propensity, however, with proper training, gets duly ironed out, after a time, and she learns to speak by the card and regulate her steps and hearing and perceptions according to the sage and accepted code. If she encounters complications unlooked for in her career, it is probably because certain things were not made plain to her in the beginning. For instance, when a business man engages a woman's services in any clerical capacity it would be so much plainer sailing, for him and for her, if he should stipulate, among the other requirements, that she should refuse to go to luncheon with him, in case he asks her. Possibly this stipulation is not made because it does not occur to the business man at the time that he is ever likely to ask her, or that she might ever be likely to want to go, in case he should; be that as it may, it is likely that when the asking does come it is entirely unpremeditated, and that the refusal is entirely premeditated. The asking, it is presumed, has been prompted solely by a generous good-will towards humankind,

and a desire to expand genially in the congenial company nearest at hand—a motive devoid of any impulse that the most microscopically-inclined skeptic could scoff at. When this unpremeditated invitation is declined, the perpetrator is recalled abruptly to the fact that the clerk whom he would befriend is dual in nature—that is, that she is not only a clerk, and a most satisfactory clerk, but a woman, and he should not have asked her to break bread with him, or to pledge a cup with him, or to do anything that might have been "the thing" had she been a man, or had he not been responsible for her weekly salary. "Hang it all!" he thinks, "I never dreamed of suggesting anything awkward, and I never thought about the proprieties. People get hungry at this time of day; she has to get her luncheon and I have to get mine; why not eat it in company? It won't hurt her, and it is not going to hurt me; doubtless would be better for the digestion of both of us." But each go their respective ways, the woman thinking that to have accepted the proffered courtesy would have occasioned "talk," and her employer, though attributing her refusal to a somewhat overstrained self-consciousness, yet respecting the womanly deference to public opinion.

In the wage-earning mart, whether her tools be mental or technical, the business woman must come in contact with many men of many minds. Often, through no conscious fault of her own, her sex militates against her, in a measure.

"I have no time to talk about the matter now," the well-posted man whom she has called upon assures her, "but I go out to luncheon in an hour, I should be delighted if you would go with me, and we could then discuss the subject at length. You could not go to-day? Well, to-morrow, then—any day you will name; my time is entirely at your disposal."

The woman, whose acquaintance with this man of affairs is of the slightest, does not want to go to luncheon with him. In fact, she feels that for her to accept such claim of intimacy on his part would be intolerable. She would like very much to hear what he has to say; his information would be of genuine use to her, but she immediately decides to do without it. She makes her acknowledgments and gets away, almost wishing for once that she was a man.

The testimony of scores of business women can be brought to prove that the non-luncheon, non-attention, sternly-negative path is the only route that leads to a woman's permanent success. If there is evidence to be weighed on the other side—and there undoubtedly is—it is evidence of such a mute, non-combatable kind that the voices of the women who would proscribe it are far in the ascendant. All who have not accepted invitations and attentions are well in the front of the van, but no single one of the adventurers in individual fields—those who, in beating about for ways to do and ways not to do, have chosen what seemed to them pleasantest, and have accepted unquestioningly the proffered good—has ever made known the what, the wherefore, or the whence that was the outcome thereof.

The business woman who has taken luncheon more than once with men influential in her career, who has enjoyed the experience and found that all went well, does not come back to tell us so. If, on the other hand, the experiment involved unlooked-for embarrassments and was not repeated, she keeps her own counsel; and if it led to complications the end of which is not yet, she does not divulge the fact.

We have nothing on her side to go by; the question remains a mooted one, and the new woman, womanly considered, must be less new before it is settled. In the meantime the business man takes off his hat to his typewriter because she is a woman, offers her sundry little attentions because she is a woman, and—but don't mention this, because it may not be so—pays her less wages because she is a woman. OLIVE F. GUNBY.

The Steady Cavalier.

Not long ago a party of pleasure-seekers were visiting in Chicago. In the party were two girls and a young man whose good-nature and gallantry were seemingly inexhaustible. In fact, his attitude of devotion was so marked, and at the same time so nicely balanced, that to the casual observer he probably appeared to have matrimonial intentions towards either or both of the objects of his solicitude. One afternoon a breezy Texan made his appearance at the hotel and renewed an old acquaintance with one of the young ladies. His time was his own, and he was quite willing to dispose of it advantageously. But after two days of impotent dangle he remarked that when the present incumbent returned to his native soil, he, the Texan, would like to "apply for the position of steady cavalier." He then retired to whist, with the pleasing consciousness of having turned a neat phrase and provided for the future. It seemed to me that the Texan had struck the key-note of the situation. Hitherto there had been an unwritten law, an unspoken agreement, that so long as a man was diverting, he might come, and keep on coming, without danger of misapprehension on either side. But here was an epigram which removed the last vestige of peril and set the hesitating feet of the experimenters upon solid ground, not only in the case of the illustrative four, but of mankind at large.

Much, too much, has been written and spoken of the modern woman; praise of her charms and virtues, of her intellectual attainments and accomplishments, of her tremendous superiority over all other women of all other times, has been shouted abroad; and yet never have I heard one word said of what is the crowning blossom of her emancipation. Bicycles and latch-keys have symbolized her freedom as well as they could for several years; but now the solid earth is shaken by the concerted step of the proud and approaching army of "steady cavaliers." Already the advance guard is with us. In the heyday of our mothers' youth—not so very long ago—such a state of things would have been practically impossible. Tradition, sentimentality, and public opinion held young women in a triple embrace; smiles and sighs and downcast eyes, darts and smarts and bleeding hearts, were the proper thing; and after a little coquetting and pretty cruelty, a young lady was expected to yield gracefully, and bestow her lily hand upon some properly-eager and agitated lover. The awful reproach and condescending pity conveyed in the term "old maid" drove many a woman to matrimony. But now things are changed and the world has turned completely round, and old bachelors and old maids have

been pronounced the highest product of civilization. In the good old days a husband was considered a necessary accessory to a woman's life, and she would as soon have thought of going to college or cropping her hair as of doing without one. Do not misunderstand me. In no way do I decry the institution of marriage; it is time-honored, and therefore worthy of respect, and is, besides, no doubt very nice for those who like that kind of thing. What I mean to say is this: ideas have changed; needs are different; and whereas the blushing beauty of ante-bellum days took a husband as a matter of course, we of the younger and more enlightened generation take unto ourselves steady cavaliers.

The new régime has many advantages over the old. To begin with, the husband was of necessity one. The cavalier often, in fact, generally, is two or more. In the case of the husband, no matter how many eligible young gentlemen might appear upon the stage, there was absolutely no opening for an understudy. This is entirely done away with under the new plan. A steady cavalier has some rights, and they should be respected, but jealousy is not one of them. Though, indeed, no matter how convinced a man may be of the perfection of his liege lady, he rather likes to have his taste approved. A husband, no matter how theoretically adoring he may be, soon becomes accustomed to what was at first a brilliant and bewildering bit of paradise, and accepts the devotion of a life-time as a matter of course; whereas the steady cavalier continues to accept—if properly handled—small favors and bits of graciousness as benefits by heaven conferred, and to be received with profound and reverent gratitude. A smile, a flower, a Sunday dinner, a trifling slight offered to an understudy in his presence, are legal tender for his heart's blood. And his heart's blood is more freely at our disposal than if we wished to marry him.

Robert Louis Stevenson said, "That in the minds of most men the shadow of matrimony waits, awful and resolute, at the cross roads, and even to a woman the idea of being linked for all eternity to a man, when viewed as a definite probability, has few convincing charms." Therefore, think of the delightful exhilaration of being delicately entangled without fear of disastrous consequences. In fact, the very impermanence of the situation gives it value in his eyes. The cavalier never knows at what moment his prize may escape him; for the shackles of tradition are yet upon him, and that women are unstable and inconstant is with him still a fixed idea. And it will be some time, I fear, before he can be made to understand that a woman is merely exercising her lately-discovered reasoning powers and her ardent desire for self-improvement when she gracefully but firmly re-schedules her time and bestows the greater number of her surplus hours on that understudy who promises most mental and emotional pabulum. But the new woman's motto is "Upward and onward," and the steady cavalier must take his chances.

The world is crowded to overflowing with young gentlemen possessed of a latent talent for steadiness, and it is easy to be deceived if great care is not taken. In choosing a cavalier it is expedient to take note of his diverting and biddable qualities, as well as of his powers of concentration. When such a cavalier is found he is a gem, and should be treated with a candid appreciation of his value.

For instance, take the case of an otherwise healthy-minded young woman who has a morbid taste for Russian novels and Wagnerian opera; shall she turn from the budding genius who clamors at her gate with a volume of Tourguénief under one arm and all the motifs of the Trilogy at his finger-ends? Or the philosophic maid with a turn for athletics; when a muscular scientist comes upon his prancing wheel, shall she, or shall she not, follow her natural bent and go sedately pedaling through the summer afternoons? Again, shall the grinding monopolist close the door in the face of that man who has a heaven-sent genius for concentrating his affections? Shall they forbear for fear of the carping criticism of an envious public?

In point of fact, the solution of an age-worn problem has been found. The possibility of a relationship combining the advantages of both reason and romance has been established; and the rising generation might offer an amendment to Plato's philosophy which the sage himself would no doubt be pleased to accept.

JEAN WRIGHT.

Foretelling Disease.

THE very interesting discussion of the cultivation of the bacillus of typhoid fever in the blood of those about to suffer from that disease, which has lately engaged the columns of the dailies, has an eminently practical bearing.

The upshot of the whole subject, now thoroughly ventilated, is that the condition of blood which precedes all diseases for a longer or shorter period of time may be analyzed and stand as a prophecy of what is to come.

As forewarning is often forearming, it is not unlikely that vast additions are about to be made to preventive medicine—to the average health of the public.

Dr. R. L. Watkins, of New York, a specialist in the blood, has been studying this subject for a number of years, and he has secured a large collection of photographs of blood made by his photo-micrograph, already described by me in LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

These slides, usually showing a magnitude of five thousand diameters, prove that paralysis, rheumatism, typho-malarial fever, and apoplexy all stand revealed (months before they affect the general health) in the blood. Each of these diseases has a specific type arrangement, or disorder of the blood corpuscles.

The white blood corpuscles are the scavengers of the blood. They remove all its waste and poisonous ingredients. As long as these scavengers are healthy and well-organized, and work regularly and steadily, the blood is pure and we are free from disease.

The cause of a vast list of diseases is the presence of a specific poison in the blood. This poison is naturally at daggers drawn with the white blood corpuscles, which are the champions of health. There is a pitched battle between them. It is a case of I swallow you or you swallow me!

And on the result of that grim fight on its microscopical battle-field depends the prevalence of life or the disaster of death.

S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.



THE WORLD AWHEEL—CYCLISTS RESTING AT



RESTING AT A L. A. W. WAYSIDE INN.

Shopping in the Slums.

JUST where Division Street in New York bends from Chatham Square under the Second Avenue elevated road, there begins a series of milliners' shops, perhaps thirty or forty in a row. Each one enlivens the street with a show-window full of its choicest productions. These are like gay flower-gardens—parterres of hats where bloom roses which droop in the latest mode of the season, forget-me-nots wreathed with ribbon of the newest shade, morning-glories and sweet peas running riot over brims of the correct shape. But the ribbon is half cotton, the flowers rudely made, and dyed to more intense hues than old Sol ever uses on his exquisite palette, and the ostrich feathers are the fine frizzy kind which grow not on African sands, but on a work-shop table. With neither the style of New York, nor the piquancy of Paris, these hats have, at least, a general air of imitating both. They have, too, an air of their own, and form a very definite product known as "a Division Street hat," which is recognizable at a glance.

It is diverting to take a stroll in front of these shops; if you wish to get the full local flavor, it must be only a stroll. You must apparently have no end in view but to meander. Should you stop, in passing, to admire the curve of a brim or the pose of a bow in a shop window, up steps a saleswoman who patrols the sidewalk, and who, by the way, never by any chance has on a hat herself.

"Want a hat, madam?" she says. "Just step right in. We'll get you up something stylish and becoming for two dollars."

By this time you remonstrate, for, not content with persuading you verbally, she has taken tight hold of your arm and is forcibly pushing you towards the shop door.

"Come. It won't cost anything to go in and look, will it? Come, yes, come. We've got a hat just suits you."

The more you remonstrate, the more eloquent she becomes, and the nearer you find yourself to the shop. She flatters you, and becomes quite affectionate, cuddles up and puts her arm around you and smiles in your face, coaxing you with all her prettiest wiles. At the same time, however, the quiet, business-like little shove with which she is propelling you shopward does not cease.

Once "caught" and inside the shop, you are off her hands and given to another's charge. You are of a determined character if you manage to leave without a Division Street hat added to your wardrobe. If you succeed in so doing you sail off amid the echoes of a domestic quarrel, the sidewalk saleswoman upbraiding the inside one for letting the prey escape. I have heard that sometimes a hat is thrust upon you and the money taken from your purse. But I fancy that to be a libel on their customs.

The Gothamite who cannot go abroad will find that he can do a good deal of traveling at no more expense than a car-fare or two. I have bought at a shop altogether Chinese, even to the counting of change, and in the French quarter have fancied myself in Paris as I sipped cordials to the tune of "Eh, bien! Que voulez vous?"

If the curious New-Yorker cannot go to the fair at Nijni Novgorod, let him, instead, walk down to Hester Street. There he will see all the types to be found in a Russian village.

While up-town houses on these hot days stand boarded up, and are empty of all save their luxurious furnishings, down-town tenement-house quarters are in their most intense phase. All the contents of the houses, including the children, are turned out-doors. Over the balconies of the fire-escapes hang red and blue bed-quilts and the family clothing, to air. These give the effect of gay awnings, until the street even suggests southern Europe, while the babel of voices is distinctly foreign.

The street was probably named after some old-time belle, and doubtless many New-Yorkers can remember when their grandfathers lived there, and, should they penetrate the old houses to-day, would still find the mahogany doors and mantels. Such as remain have had their ample parlors turned to old-clothes shops, or their tranquil basements into noisy bazaars, where under the Hebrew sign are sold yards of sausage.

The time to go is on Thursday, to "pig-market," so-called because pig is the only thing not sold there. Early on Wednesday the peddlers spread their wares over temporary stands and wheel their hand-carts into the gutters, and before Thursday the street is humming.

Some of the sellers are young merchants of ten, sharpening their business wits over a half-dozen lemons or a basket of notions. Others are old women who sit on the edge of the sidewalk with gay head-kerchiefs, drinking beer and peeling onions, while cushioned among their wares lies a kitten asleep.

One of the most familiar types is the bearded Jew with an iron ring across his shoulders, on which are strung hundreds of old keys. It is interesting to see the egg-woman sorting her wares. She rolls them rapidly around in her half-closed fist, squinting at them towards the light as she does so, and divides them in piles, which might be described as "new-laid eggs," "fresh eggs," and "eggs."

One sees old cronies gossiping in Russian, and occasionally selling a cent's worth of orange-peel candy; or a Jew magnate in a velvet skull-cap standing at his shop-door eating raw turnips with a carving-knife. Everywhere are barrels of herring. One woman's stock in trade consists of live pigeons and calico waists; some have bags of dried orange-peel and cigarette-ends for sale. Others have baskets of pretzels or carts of dolls. One woman had only a basket of broken toys, headless dolls and doll-less heads, a little wheeled stand with two legs of a valiant wooden horse clinging to it, or remnants of woolly dogs and dolls' wigs. It is cunning to see little Russian exiles, three or four years old, staring longingly at these sweepings from happier children's nurseries. At the corner crowds gather to invest in the "New drink, one cent a glass"; little carts ring bells announcing lemonade.

So in the day-time Hester Street is foreign and picturesque with its awnings festooned with strings of garlic. But in the evening the sight is memorable. There is not a foot of roadway or sidewalk not covered by a dense mass of people. The light of torches flares over shining leaves of rye-bread, glistens on tin saucepans, and throws out black shadows on hundreds of faces terribly distorted by intense, degrading poverty and

wickedness. Above the deafening hum and rumble the boys are calling out the *Jewish Gazette*, and nasal voices yelling "Benig, benig!" which seems to be Hebrew for "cheap, cheap!"

CARO LLOYD.

The Tennis Champion.

LARNED, the latter-day champion in the American lawn-tennis field, wound up the recent Middle States tournament, in the final round of the all-comers, by a well-contested victory over his principal rival, "Dick" Stevens—Clarence Hobart, the previous holder of the challenge-cup, not appearing to defend his title. The success of the Middle States tournament, and the quality as well as the number of its contestants, demonstrated that even the high-tide popularity of golf has not sufficed to drown the interest in lawn-tennis. Careful watchers over the destinies of the game in this country, however, confess that



W. A. LARNED.

worthy successors to the Campbells, Hobarts, Hoveys, and Halls are not forthcoming, and apprehend defeat as a result of the present British invasion of Newport and the rest of the tennis circuit. "Larned," they say, "at present appears to be our only hope, unless Hovey shall reconsider his avowed intention to retire."

The Costly Retired List.

THERE has been a sudden rush of army and marine-corps officers to the retired list recently, explainable on only one ground—that a combination has been effected between officers who stand near the head of the list to permit several of them to retire with rank which, in the natural course of events, they could not expect to attain. The object of this is an increase of the pay which these officers expect to draw for the remainder of their lives. There is no question of the capacity of the men who have been retired. They are valuable members of the government's reserve force, for they are equipped physically as well as mentally for many years of active service in an emergency.

When General Ruger was retired for age the President promoted General Wheaton to a major-generalship. In the natural course of events this promotion would have gone to General Brooke, but General Brooke's retirement for age would not come so soon as General Wheaton's; and, if promotion had followed in the regular order and General Brooke had been advanced, General Wheaton would have been retired as a brigadier-general. When General Wheaton had been confirmed as a major-general he promptly applied for retirement on account of length of service. He was retired and General Forsyth was promoted. Then he, too, asked for retirement, and made way for General Bliss. Finally General Bliss was retired, and General Brooke received the promotion which would have gone to him at the beginning but for the existence of the understanding under which there were three prompt retirements of officers who were promoted ahead of him.

These promotions made vacancies in the next grade, which were filled by the promotion of three colonels, one of whom immediately applied for retirement, there being an understanding to this effect when he received his appointment.

Combinations among officers of the navy have been more common than army combinations for promotion. It has happened more than once that a naval officer, on the eve of compulsory retirement, has persuaded an officer of higher grade to leave the active list to make room for him; and it is a matter of common knowledge that, in some cases, a cash premium has been paid to the obliging senior. In all cases the officer promoted has reim-

bursed the officer retired for the sacrifice of pay for the interval in which he might have remained on the active list. The pay of an officer on the active list is thirty-three and one-third per cent. greater than the pay of a retired officer. The Secretary of the Navy is understood to be a party to these arrangements, and the President usually acts on his recommendation in making appointments.

These combinations can be defended on the ground that promotion in both army and navy is aggravatingly slow, and this is due to the large number of officers of approximate years and terms of service who received their commissions during the Civil War. With a view to bringing about the promotion of these unfortunates, Congress has considered several bills for the reorganization of the army and navy, but none of them has passed.

There is another point of view. Every retirement of an army or navy officer means something taken from the public purse; and the higher his grade the greater the drain on the Treasury. A rear-admiral on the active list receives six thousand dollars a year. On the retired list he receives four thousand five hundred dollars; but the larger salary is paid to some one else; so the four thousand five hundred dollars is so much additional taken from the Navy Department's funds. A major-general on the retired list receives as much as five thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Altogether the army retired list now costs the government one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. The navy list is not so expensive.

These two lists are growing every year, not alone through combinations for promotion, but often through retirements made in the interest of graduates of the military and naval academies. There are many officers on the active list who are technically "disabled," though quite equal to active work under ordinary conditions. When the time for graduating the military and naval cadets approaches, these officers are ordered before retiring boards so that vacancies may be made for the new men. They go very unwillingly, for the difference in pay is enough to make most men cling to the active list as long as possible.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Peary's Latest Polar Trip.

CIVIL ENGINEER PEARY, accompanied by his wife and four-year-old daughter and a party of enthusiastic explorers, scientists, sportsmen, and sight-seers, left Boston, July 19th, at 9:20 A. M., for the trip along the coast of Labrador and Northern seas. This is Mr. Peary's fifth trip to the far North, the object of the present one being to meet his Esquimaux friends and establish them at a village in the eighty-second latitude, and to perfect other arrangements with them concerning next year's trip, when another effort will be made to reach the North Pole. Should Mr. Peary succeed in establishing his village this year, it will be used as a base of supplies for the supreme effort that is to be made next year to plant the American flag at the pole.

Something like one thousand persons gathered about the bark *Hope*, the dingy old steam whaler that is to convey the Peary party North, as she cast off her lines from historic old Long Wharf. They cheered her heartily as she made for the outer harbor, and as she picked her way through the shipping in the harbor there seemed to be no end to the salutes that greeted her. It is expected that the *Hope* will return to Boston with her distinguished party towards the latter part of September.

Mr. Peary, in telling of his trip, said:

"We go from Boston to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, where we take on a supply of coal. Then we proceed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through the Straits of Belle Isle, along the Labrador coast, touching at Turnavik Island to send back mail to our friends.

"Our next objective point is Resolution Island. In Baffin Land we will put ashore the Writington whaling outfit and the Porter party. They will hunt the bear and walrus, and Mr. Porter will do some surveying for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Our course will then lay across to the Greenland coast, stopping at various points as we steam up along it. Professor Hitchcock, of Dartmouth, and a party from the National Museum at Washington, will be dropped there, the former for glacial investigation and the latter to study the fossil beds. Robert Stein, of the Geological Survey, Washington, is going with us as far as Wilcox Bay, for ethnological purposes and to do some surveying. When I reach Cape York I will communicate with the Esquimaux and pick out a lot of young men and designate a place they must meet me next summer with their dogs, sleds, canoes, and provisions. In the early part of next year these Esquimaux will go to a point on the coast I shall designate, and there await me. I will go north again, take them on board my ship and carry them two or three hundred miles farther north than they now live, and plant an Esquimaux village at eighty-two degrees north latitude, within four hundred miles of the North Pole. Here I shall deposit my principal supplies—enough to sustain life for four or five years. The ship will return."

Insurance against Non-employment.

WE have insured against death, which is certain, and found that it paid as a commercial venture; against sickness, which is also uncomfortably certain; against accidents, fire, and all sorts of personal disability, and the scheme has worked to the financial advantage of insured and insurer, and to the ease of the public mind and conscience. Why should not the extension of the principle so successfully applied to other mishaps cover, to some extent at least, the too common evil of non-employment?

Europe has been experimenting in this direction since 1893, when the city of Berne took the initiative. Cologne, Germany, and Bologna, Italy, quickly followed the example of the Swiss town, and other cities are making ready to try the same experiment. In Europe the scheme owes its inception to philanthropy, its continued support to the State, fees of members, and voluntary contribution.

In America a similar experiment, begun within the current year, is a private enterprise backed by capital and skill. Its dues are heavier than those of the European societies, but its benefits also are much larger. As in the case of the European

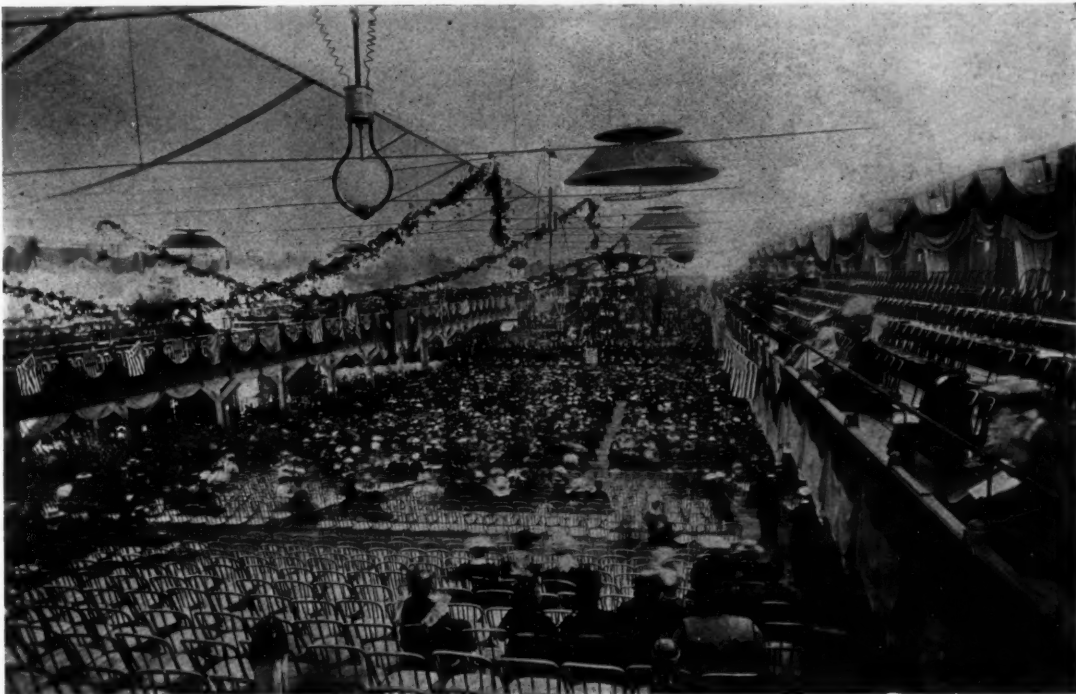
societies, voluntary non-employment, or non-employment for any cause within the control of the beneficiary, makes all benefits voidable. This excludes the striker. In the case of the Chicago concern, it excludes him whether his action is voluntary or not.

A significant feature of this movement is the effect which it will have upon employment-agencies. It is to the interest of the non-employment insurance companies to help their beneficiaries to get work. Abroad, the societies work in conjunction with employment-agencies, the state lending its own assistance in this direction, as in Cologne, where the General Labor Registry gives preference to applications from members of the association. In Chicago the company insuring against non-employment supplies to its beneficiaries the services of two employment bureaus without charge.

Christian Endeavorers in San Francisco.

TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND delegates attended the Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco, and there were fifty thousand other visitors to the city who took advantage of the cheapest transcontinental rates ever offered.

San Francisco has entertained Knights Templars, Grand Army veterans, editors, teachers, hotel men, and conductors,



THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

but never such a throng as this. Every hotel was crowded, street-cars ran all night, and other things were moved from their usual course. New York had a similar experience several years ago, when the delegates took possession of the metropolis.



BAGGAGE OF THE DELEGATES.

The Mechanics' Pavilion seated eleven thousand people, and was beautifully decorated with purple and gold hangings, the Christian Endeavor colors in California, and fresh flowers. The meetings were all crowded. Woodward's Pavilion took five thousand of the surplus, and the big churches the rest of the overflow. The streets have never been so gayly decorated before. It was literally true that

"The Assyrians came down like a wolf in the fold,
And their cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold."

An arch of welcome—purple and gold by day and a mass of electric lights by night—was erected.

At the ferries a large reception committee in white caps received all visitors. There were nine hundred young people on this committee, and a delegation of them at Sacramento and Fresno sent a representative to San Francisco with every special train, so that all were personally conducted. There was a tremendous blockade of baggage, which was rather badly tangled up. Dr. Clark has pronounced the sixteenth international convention the most successful of all so far. MABEL CRAFT.

Heavy Life Insurances.

WHEN the late Theodore A. Havemeyer died the New York Life Insurance Company sent to his heirs, within five days, a cheque for \$150,000, probably the largest single amount paid by a life-insurance company on the life of one man. Mr. Havemeyer had been insured at the age of fifty-four, a little more than four years before his death, and he had paid in premiums \$38,220. The company paid out in this case \$111,780 more than it received. Mr. Havemeyer's insurance proved a good investment for his estate.

To say that this was the largest amount paid by one life-insurance company on a single life is not to suggest that Mr. Havemeyer's insurance was abnormally large. On the contrary, it was rather modest for so wealthy a man. The late Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, was insured for a million dollars, and there are many prominent men in the United States who carry larger amounts than Mr. Havemeyer's. In their cases, however, the risk is scattered or divided among many companies. The New York Life carried \$138,832 of the Disston insurance. Some of the other big claims this company has paid from time to time are \$118,140 recently on the life of Cicero H. Lewis, a merchant of Portland, Oregon; \$102,965 on the life of Charles Pfeifer, a laundryman of Allegheny, Pennsylvania; \$76,000 on the life of Richard Clay, of Philadelphia; \$100,000 on Frank Hamilton, a banker; \$108,331 on John T. Hardie, a

cotton factor; \$71,309 on William H. Beers, who was for many years the president of the company; \$123,119 on Edson Keith; \$102,199 on Joseph P. Brunner; \$100,000 on Joseph Walton, a coal operator; \$100,000 on W. M. Runk, a merchant; \$104,532 on John P. Richardson, a merchant; \$126,324 on David Hostetter; \$108,316 on J. H. Maginnis; \$103,500 on George W. Hall; \$102,794 on Royal H. Pulsifer; \$100,000 on E. P. Allis.

Heavy life insurance is comparatively a new form of investment. A great many people do not see why wealthy men take out insurance at all, since they are reasonably sure to leave large fortunes to their families, and this was the view which a great many wealthy men took until a comparatively recent date. But year after year wealthy men have been brought to understand that life insurance is an investment apart from the hazards of ordinary business, and that it enables them to capitalize their large earning power for the benefit of their families and estates, and almost every year the applications for insurance in large amounts have increased in number.

While \$150,000 was the sole insurance carried by Mr. Havemeyer, he carried on the lives of four members of his family \$350,000 more, making a total of \$500,000 of insurance on which he paid premiums annually. John B. Stetson, the Philadelphia hat-maker, pays premiums on \$750,000 of

insurance. The Disston family carries a large aggregate of insurance. In addition to the million which Hamilton Disston carried, and which was paid in 1896, Hamilton C. Disston now carries \$600,000, William Disston \$110,000, Henry Disston \$100,000, and Mrs. E. Disston \$100,000. Thomas Y. England, of Philadelphia, carries \$250,000. Burnett, Parry, Williams & Co. have a like amount. George C. Boldt, the hotel man of Philadelphia and New York, carries \$232,000 of insurance. William P. Clyde and J. H. Cofrode have \$200,000 each. Joseph G. Darlington carries a quarter of a million dollars. G. G. Green is insured for \$235,000; Horstman Brothers, and Hood, Bonbright & Co., carry \$250,000. The Dolge Company, of Dolgeville, New York, carries from \$150,000 to \$200,000 regularly on the lives of its employees. F. W. Ayer, of Philadelphia, is insured for \$250,000; Charles F. Hazeltine and George Harding for \$200,000 each. Some other Philadelphians who carry large amounts of insurance are: Mackellar, Smiths & Jordan, \$250,000; D. K. Miller, \$270,000; Dr. William Pepper, \$100,000; Marshall A. Phillips, \$200,000; John J. Pyle, \$250,000;

William H. Scott, \$200,000; J. F. Sinnott, \$200,000; L. C. Vanuxem, \$250,000; Zeigler Brothers, \$200,000; John Wana-maker (over) \$1,500,000.

One of the most conspicuous of New York City's great insurers is Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Depew's salary as president of the New York Central road is popularly supposed to be \$100,000 a year. He carries five times that amount, for the benefit of his family, in life insurance. Seward Webb, who is associated with Mr. Depew in the management of the Vanderbilt interests, carries only \$100,000; but none of the Vanderbilts is a heavy insurer. James R. Pitcher, of New York, carries nearly half a million. Among the other heavy insurers in New York are: J. L. Cunningham, \$230,000; Alfred Dolge, \$160,000; Anderson Fowler, \$200,000; Alexander Barrett, \$200,000; G. K. Anderson, \$410,000; P. B. Armstrong, \$232,000; Isidor Cohnfield, \$290,000; W. P. Clyde, \$200,000; W. Fellows Morgan, \$200,000; H. Victor Newcomb, \$200,000; J. C. Osgood, \$260,000; I. B. Newcombe, \$250,000; F. O. Matthiessen, \$285,000; Pierre Lorrillard, \$310,000; C. H. Venner, \$250,000; F. E. Roberts, \$200,000.

H. H. Warner, the medicine man of Rochester, carries \$200,000 insurance. Herbert C. Fell, of Tuxedo, carries \$210,000. A. G. Yate, of Rochester, has \$243,000. Smith Weed, the well-known politician of Plattsburg, has \$200,000. Ex-Senator Don Cameron carries \$200,000. Congressman S. A. Davenport, of Erie, has \$160,000, and L. G. Reed, of the same city, \$200,000. Henry C. Frick, the manager of the Carnegie works at Pittsburgh, carries \$310,000, which hung in the balance after the attack on him by Anarchist Berkman some years ago. J. M. Guffey, the Pittsburgh politician, has \$250,000; W. J. Friday, \$300,000; T. M. Armstrong, \$240,000; H. W. Hartman, \$200,000; E. M. Hukil, \$300,000; J. E. Schwartz, \$200,000; W. D. Wood, \$200,000; and Christopher Magee, the newspaper-owner and political "boss" of Pittsburgh, \$375,000.

William A. Arnold, of Reading, carries \$250,000; P. H. Glatfelter, of Spring Forge, \$450,000; D. C. Robinson, of Elmira, New York, \$300,000; J. L. Cunningham, of Paterson, New Jersey, \$288,000; Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, \$70,000; ex-Mayor Frank A. Magowan, of Trenton, \$250,000.

General B. F. Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy, has \$100,000 of insurance. S. M. Bryan, the manager of the Bell Telephone Company in Washington, carries \$202,500. Professor Graham Bell, the telephone inventor, carries only \$50,000. Judge Nathan Goff, who declined a seat in the McKinley Cabinet, carries \$100,000. Colonel John Hay, our minister to Great Britain, has \$100,000. Ex-Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, has \$185,000. Ex-Governor Alexander Sheperd, of Washington, who now lives in Batopilas, Mexico, has \$200,000. T. E. Wagenman, a retired capitalist of Georgetown, D. C., has \$250,000. Ex-Senator Calvin Brice, of Ohio, carries \$100,000. Our late minister to France, Mr. Eustis, carries \$100,000. F. T. Howard, of New Orleans, is an insurer for \$300,000. Bernard N. Baker, of Baltimore, has \$324,500 on his life.

But the list could be stretched out almost indefinitely. Hard times have not made much difference in the amounts carried by wealthy men, though they may have prevented some men taking out new insurance. His insurance-policy is the last thing a wise man gives up when he feels the pinch of a financial depression.

"My Wife's Husband."

"It may be a-takin' a meen advantage of the publick," writes Elias Chatterton, in his prefatory letter to Messrs. Laird & Lee, the publishers of "My Wife's Husband," "but I don't want to leave no stone unturned fur gittin' myself talked about." The book named is in reality a clever rejoinder to "Josiah Allen's Wife," from the husband's standpoint, and it is written in a similar grotesquely-spelled idiom. The author is Alice Wilkinson Sparks, who appears to have scored a palpable hit in this hazardous stroke for literary fame, as her book is now in its third edition. This success is not unaccountable, when one reads "My Wife's Husband" and notes the quaint philosophy, gentle irony, and flashes of real brightness that are scattered plentifully through its rugged verbiage. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

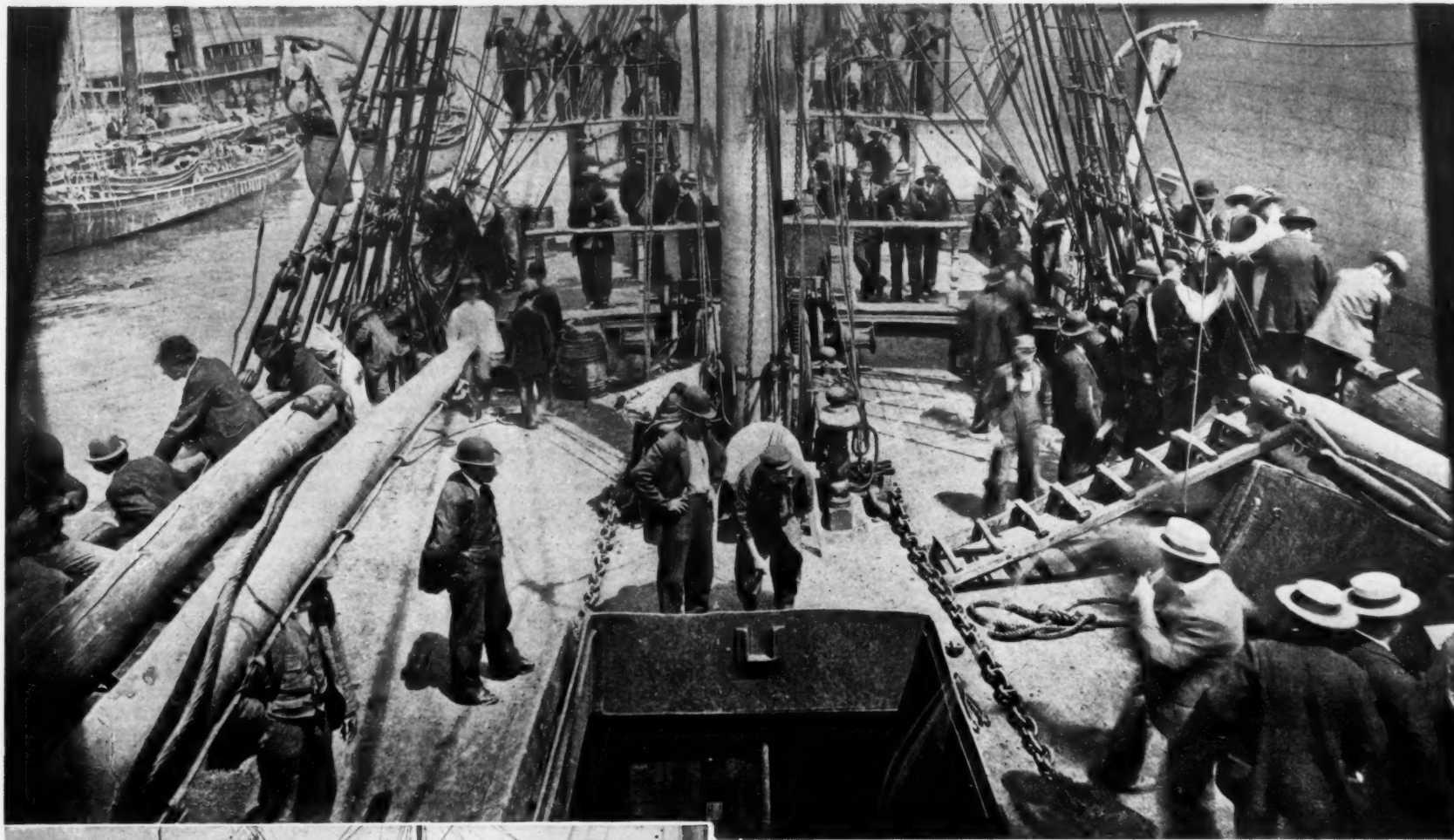
Asthma and Hay-Fever Cure—Free.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years in Hay-fever season he slept propped up in a chair. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To prove its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, will send a large case free by mail to every sufferer from Asthma. If you need it, we advise you to send for it.

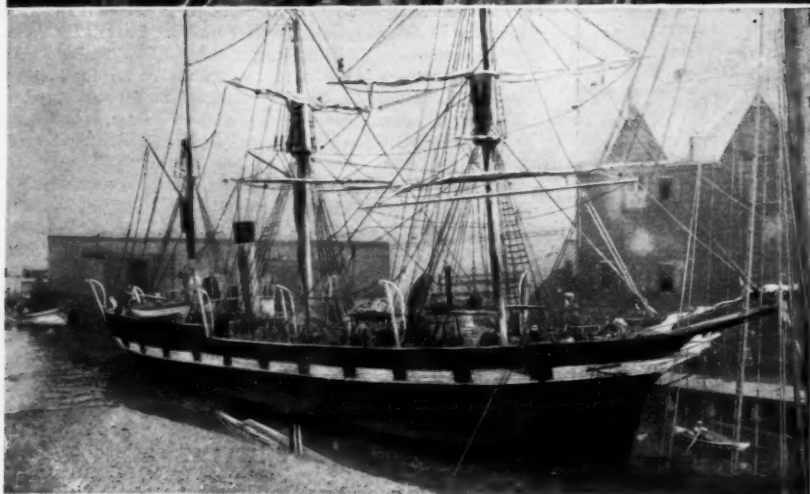
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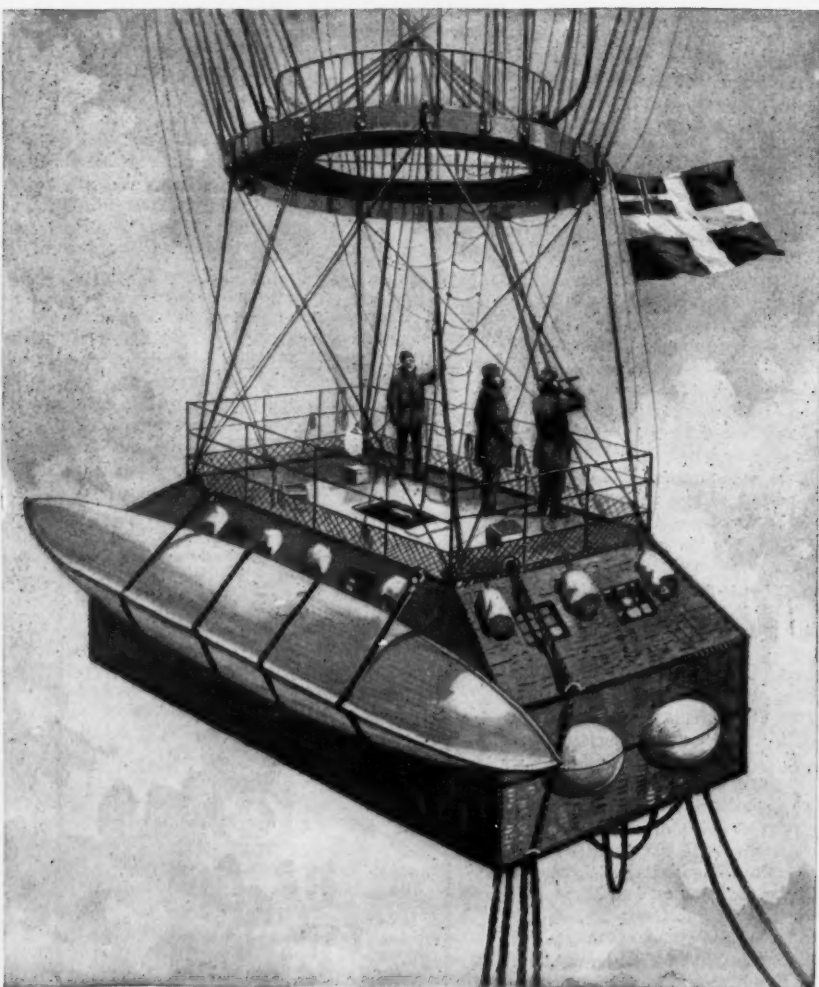
PEARY'S STEAMER "HOPE."



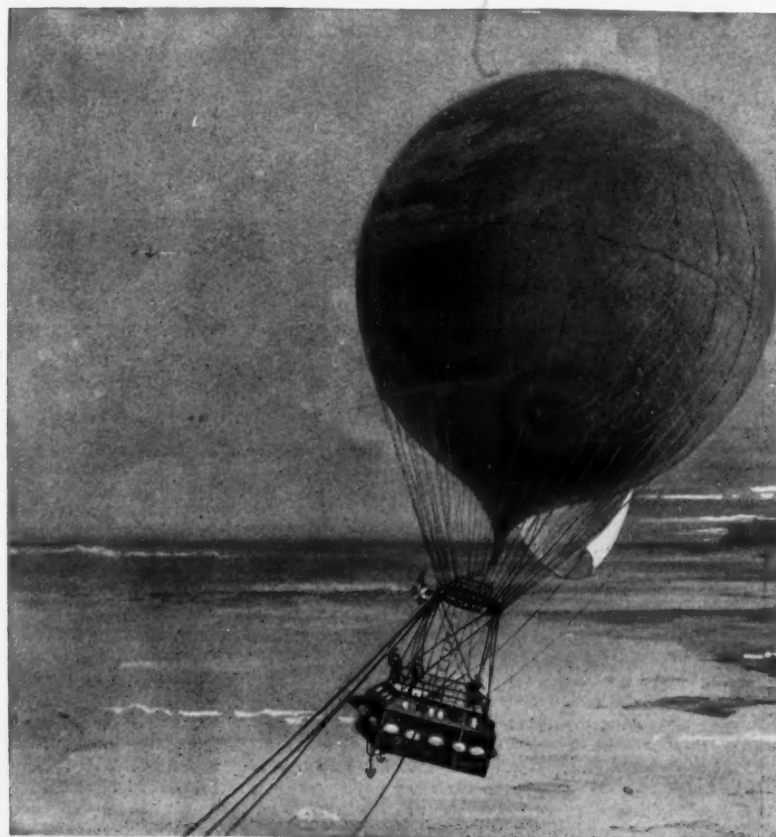
S. A. ANDRÉE.



CIVIL ENGINEER PEARY.



GONDOLA AND OBSERVATORY.



ANDRÉE'S BALLOON.

TWO NEW EXPEDITIONS FOR THE NORTH POLE.

Andrée, the Norwegian aeronaut, started in a balloon for the North Pole some time ago. By the time this paper is published he will have succeeded or failed. The carrier-pigeons said to have been captured shortly after he sailed were not from his balloon. Particulars of the Peary expedition will be found on page 90.

A STRONG CLAIM!
AND A JUST ONE.

Sozodont

IS THE

preparation which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt claims is "the only dentifrice of international reputation." She ought to know, having used Sozodont for years and found it in nearly every city of importance in the world.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK Proprietors LONDON
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents.

NOW READY, 25 cents. 3 dols. a year.

Among the Contents of the Enlarged Summer Number are included:

THE
ENLARGED
SUMMER
(AUGUST)
NUMBER
OF THE
PALL
MALL
MAGAZINE
IS
Now Ready.

Lee of Virginia.
Part II., by Mr. HENRY TYRRELL, of the fascinating record of the part played by this popular General during the war will be found full of interest.

Cliveden.
A most interesting account of this Historic House by the MARQUESS OF LORNE, K. T., picturesquely illustrated from Photographs specially taken for this Article.

The Land of a Thousand Lakes.
Is a Tourist Article by Mrs. ST. CLAIR STOBART, giving an interesting account of the Sports and Travel in the little-known Interior Parts of Finland.

A Queen's Visit to St. Paul's.
By Sir FRANCIS MONTEFIORE, describes a former historic Royal Visit to the Metropolitan Cathedral, and forms an appropriate comparison with the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of June 22, 1897.

Cricket.
By LORD HARRIS, illustrated by Mr. GEORGE ROLLER, will be one of the most widely read of the articles dealing with the Sports of each Month.

A Tribute of Souls.
Is a fascinating Psychical Study, written by LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON and Mr. ROBERT S. HITCHENS.

An Exquisite Photogravure.
Entitled "Good Luck," by JULES DENNEUILIER, printed in tone, forms the Frontispiece of this entertaining Summer Number.

NEW YORK:
The INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 83 Duane St.
Montreal: Montreal News Co.
Toronto: Toronto News Co.

Advertise in
LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted," Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, N.Y.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist and the refined musical public

NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK

CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

PARFUMERIE

ED. PINAUD,

37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG, PARIS.

ELIXIR DENTIFRICE.

AN EXQUISITE ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH.
INSURES HARD GUMS, WHITE TEETH, AND SWEET BREATH.

AT ALL DEALERS

OR CORRESPOND WITH ED. PINAUD'S, N.Y. IMPORTATION OFFICE 46 EAST 14TH ST.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

TALKING-MACHINE
RECORD-COUPON.

Forty Cents and this Coupon will buy you one TALKING-MACHINE RECORD.
Regular price Fifty Cents.

NAME, _____
ADDRESS, _____
STATE, _____

A SAD TRUTH.
We had intended to say something cunning about a recent earthquake out West; but a disturbance nearer home has obliged us to make a cellar and some preparations to crawl into it. Earthquakes resemble seasickness; they are never funny unless they occur to somebody else.—Judge.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE.

The American Gentleman's DRINK.
FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.



10 YEARS OLD.
THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA

Endorsed by Leading Physicians
To ladies obliged to use a stimulant it is recommended because of its Absolute Purity, Gentle Mellowness and Great Age.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Columbia

1897 Columbia \$ 75.
1898 Columbia \$ 60.
Hartford \$50, \$45, \$40, \$30.
Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.
Catalogue free from dealers or by mail for one cent stamp.

BICYCLES

TEA SET (56 Pieces) FREE
with \$10.00 orders of Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc.
Great reduction in prices. Send for New Premium and price-list, etc.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
81 and 83 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. P. O. Box 289.

THE . . . ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

Called in Old Times

"THE GREAT NORTH WOODS."

A marvelous wilderness, abounding in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks, filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region—located in Northern New York—is reached from Chicago by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Montreal by the New York Central; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the New York Central; from New York by the through car lines of the New York Central; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the New York Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.
We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST **SUBLIME LUCCA OIL** at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.
We find the oil to be **PURE OLIVE OIL** unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of **SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.**

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
A. R. Ledoux Pres.
Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

The Leading Wine of America

State Seal Champagne

It's folly to buy foreign vintages when State Seal—the finest American production—can be had at half the cost, and is their superior in delicate bouquet and flavor.
If your Grocer or Wine Merchant does not keep it, write the **EMPIRE STATE WINE CO.,** Penn Yan, N. Y.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing! (H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)
Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.
Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel. BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others.

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 Cents, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of
H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St., New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market St., Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk St., Boston.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.

LAZY LIVER!

YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR LIVER DON'T ACT.

Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.
A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability, despondency and bad feeling.

ACT DIRECTLY, and in a PECULIARLY HAPPY MANNER ON THE LIVER and BOWELS, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by **INCREASED APPETITE** for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste.

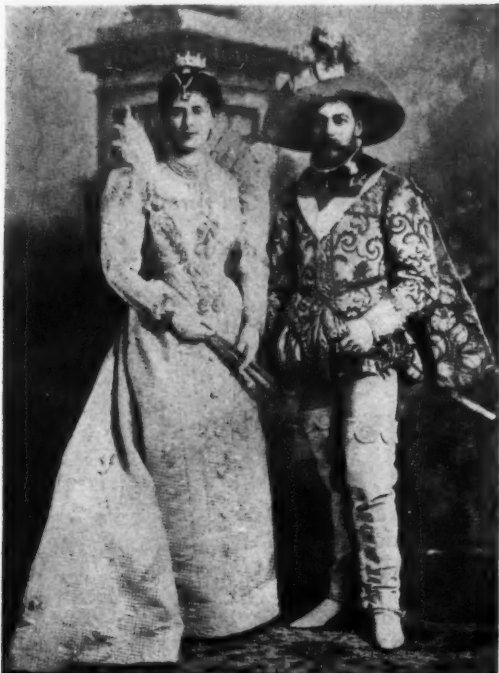
Cascarets

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10c, 25c., 50c.
MAKE YOUR LIVER LIVELY!

THIRD CONTEST,
Judge's Picture Puzzles, began in last week's Judge. \$250 IN PRIZES.
FOR SALE AT ALL NEWSDEALERS'.



The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the Knights Hospitaller of Malta.



The Duke and Duchess of York, as Earl of Cumberland and Marguerite of Valois.



The Duchess of Devonshire, as Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra.

AT THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE BALL, LONDON JUBILEE SEASON.—Black and White.



TUNNY-FISHING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—THE KILLING.—L'illustration.



A SNOW-IMAGE, IN CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, AT A CAPE COLONY (SOUTH AFRICAN) MOUNTAIN FARM.—London Graphic.



QUEEN VICTORIA PLANTING A COMMEMORATION TREE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE GROUNDS.—Black and White.



ELEONORA DUSE, AND MEMBERS OF THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE, AT A PARISIAN FETE CHAMPETRE.—L'illustration.



CONTESTANTS IN THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT, LONDON.—Sketch.

REPRESENTATIVE SELECTIONS FROM EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED JOURNALS.

FOILED.

FREDDIE—"Oh, pa! the goat swallowed my big fire-cracker."
Cobwigger—"Well, that's nothing to be crying about."
Freddie—"Yes, it was, pa. The blamed thing never went off."—Judge.

NAUSEA, colic, distress after eating, Abbott's Angostura Bitters relieves. Better still, the Bitters first. Best of all, Abbott's—the only original.

THE new Sohmer Piano factory occupies eight large lots, situated a short distance from the Ninety-second Street ferry at Long Island City. In building the factory the firm has spared no expense, and can safely claim to possess the most perfect piano-forte house in the United States.

WHEN you drink, drink GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE; there is health and delight in every drop.

USE Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Set of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one-half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

THE OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT.

DR. J. L. STEPHENS, of Lebanon, Ohio, has issued an attractive little book entitled "What We May Do To Be Saved," touching the treatment and cure of the opium and morphine habit. It contains much valuable information relative to the effects of these drugs, and points out the certain means of a swift and bona-fide cure. This little book should be in the hands of every one addicted to the use of opium or morphine.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, BUFFALO.

HALF RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

For the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, August 23d, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Buffalo and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on August 21st to 23d, and good to return not earlier than August 24th nor later than August 31st, 1897.

L. A. W. MEET, PHILADELPHIA.

HALF RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

For the annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Philadelphia, August 4th to 7th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Philadelphia and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. No rate less than twenty-five cents. Tickets will be sold and will be good going on August 3d and 4th, and good to return until August 9th, 1897, inclusive.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THAT the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the lowest rates are obtained for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passenger.

The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson), July 27th and August 17th. Rate, one hundred dollars for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks' trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining-car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2d. Rate, two hundred and thirty-five dollars from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; two hundred and thirty dollars from Pittsburgh.


Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington, September 28th and October 12th. Rate, sixty-five dollars from New York, sixty-three dollars from Philadelphia. Apply 1196 Broadway, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

The ones who use it are the ones who say it is healing, sweetening and purifying—Those who try it are the ones who use it all the time for the toilet and bath.

Sold by druggists.

The King of all drinks.



WERNER
Half-Pint
Champagne
25c. a bottle.

HAS NO PEER.

Possesses a flavor and natural dryness of its own.

I cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy wine.

A. OGDEN DOBEMUS, M.D., LL.D.,
Prof. of Chemistry and Physics,
College City of N. Y.

Served in all Restaurants, Hotels and Road-houses.
A. WERNER & CO., 52 Warren St., N. Y. City.

LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS Insurance Company, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

January 1, 1897.

PAID-UP CAPITAL.	\$1,000,000.00
Assets.	\$20,896,684.63
Liabilities.	17,920,260.27
Surplus to Policy-holders.	\$2,976,424.36

July 1, 1897.

Total Assets.	\$21,915,663.62
Total Liabilities.	18,550,472.63
Surplus to Policy-holders.	\$3,365,191.39

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864.	\$33,098,024.29
Paid to Policy-holders, January to July, 1897.	1,355,069.98
Loaned to Policy-holders on Life Policies.	1,014,322.00
Life Insurance in force.	\$9,923,185.00
Increase in Reserves.	701,490.00

GAINS

6 Months—January to July, 1897.

In Assets.	\$1,018,949.00
In Surplus.	388,737.03
On Life Insurance in force.	1,679,918.00
Premiums Received, 6 months.	2,833,794.91

(Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included.)

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster.

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

NEW YORK OFFICE,
31 Nassau Street.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEANON, OHIO.

PROPOSALS FOR \$10,053,017.27

3½% Bonds and Stock OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Exempt from Taxation by the City and County of New York.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED BY AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE PASSED MARCH 14, 1880, TO INVEST IN THESE BONDS AND STOCK.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Thursday, the 29th day of July, 1897, AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

when they will be publicly opened, as provided by law, for the whole or part of the following-described Coupon or Registered Bonds and Stock of the City of New York, bearing interest at three and one-half per cent. per annum, to wit:

\$1,750,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "ADDITIONAL WATER STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK." Principal payable Oct. 1, 1916.
9,209.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "SANITARY IMPROVEMENT SCHOOL-HOUSE BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1916.
150,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE PURCHASE OF NEW STOCK OR PLANT FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF STREET CLEANING. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1916.
1,018,029.47	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "SCHOOL-HOUSE BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1916.
400,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR ACQUIRING LAND REQUIRED FOR THE BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER AT THIRD AVENUE, AND THE APPROACHES THERETO. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
350,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR NEW BUILDINGS, ETC., FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
250,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR NEW BUILDINGS, ETC., FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
500,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR REPAVING STREETS AND AVENUES. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
400,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR LAYING WATER MAINS. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
20,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "POLICE DEPARTMENT BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
949,036.82	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, STREET AND PARK OPENING FUND STOCK. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
867,310.08	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF REVENUE BOND ISSUED FOR THE PAYMENT OF AWARDS, ETC., IN THE FORT WASHINGTON PARK PROCEEDING. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
389,431.90	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF REVENUE BOND ISSUED FOR THE PAYMENT OF JUDGMENTS FOR THE AWARDS, ETC., IN THE MATTER OF ACQUIRING THE SITE FOR A COURT HOUSE FOR THE APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.
3,000,000.00	CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "DOCK BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1927.

The resolutions of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, exempting said Bonds and Stock from local taxation, were adopted pursuant to the authority of an ordinance of the Common Council approved by the Mayor October 2, 1880, and Section 137 of the New York City Consolidation Act of 1882.

THE PRINCIPAL OF AND THE INTEREST ON THE ABOVE-DESCRIBED BONDS AND STOCK ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OF THE PRESENT STANDARD OF WEIGHT AND FINENESS, AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

CONDITIONS

provided by Section 146 of the New York City Consolidation Act of 1882, as amended by Chapter 103 of the Laws of 1897:

No proposal for bonds or stock will be accepted for less than the par value of the same.

Each bidder must deposit with the Comptroller in money, or by certified check drawn to the order of the said Comptroller upon a State or National bank of the City of New York, TWO PER CENT. of the amount of the proposal, including premium. No proposal will be received or considered which is not accompanied by such deposit. All such deposits will be returned by the Comptroller to the persons making the same within three days after decision as to the highest bidder or

bidders has been made, except the deposit or deposits made by such highest bidder or bidders. If said highest bidder or bidders shall refuse or neglect, within five days after the service of written notice of the award to him or them, to pay to the Chamberlain of the City of New York the amount of the stock or bonds awarded to him or them at their par value, together with the premium thereon, if any, less the amount deposited by him or them, the amount of such deposit or deposits shall be forfeited to and be retained by the City of New York as liquidated damages for such refusal or neglect.

The Comptroller, with the approval of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, shall determine what, if any, part of said proposals shall be accepted, and upon payment into the City Treasury of the amounts due by the persons whose bids are accepted, respectively, certificates thereof shall be issued to them as authorized by law.

The proposals, together with the security deposits, should be inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and then inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see City Record.

ASHBEL P. FITCH,
Comptroller.

CITY OF NEW YORK,
FINANCE DEPARTMENT—COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE.
JULY 15, 1897.

JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building,
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor,
New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill and United States jurors are not exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,
Commissioner of Jurors.

BARKER BRAND COLLARS ARE THE BEST.



W. BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

LONDON (ENGLAND).
THE LANCHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.



DEER PARK.

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGANIES.
(Main Line B. & O. R. R.)

Season Opens June 21st, 1897.
SUPERB HOTEL AND COTTAGES.

For rates, rooms, and other information apply to D. C. JONES, Manager, B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Md.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c, and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO SUMMER BOOK.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs, and baths located on and adjacent to its lines; also the various watering-places on the Atlantic coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive and clear manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour.

Copies can be had by applying to various Baltimore and Ohio agents, or by sending ten cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Maryland.

BO
BEST LINE
TO
Pittsburg
Cincinnati
St. Louis
Chicago
Indianapolis
Toledo



SHE CAUGHT WHAT SHE WAS AFTER.
 "Did you have any luck fishing, dear?"
 "Did I? Just look at that sparkle."

"A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure.
 Delicious.
 Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP

Be sure that you get the genuine article, made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.,
 By **WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.**
 Established 1780.

HARTFORD

SINGLE TUBE

REPUTATION UNEQUALLED THEY STAND UP RIDE WELL REPAIR EASILY

MADE BY THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO. HARTFORD CONN. U.S.A.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, BUFFALO, MINNEAPOLIS.

A GENTLE MAN'S SMOKE **YALE MIXTURE**

IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED
 IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED

The CHOICEST of all SMOKING TOBACCOS

2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25 c.

Send 10c. in stamps for pair of **CELLULOID WHIST COUNTERS**

MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE MD. AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR

Don't forget to take along a supply of

Boot Jack

PLUG TOBACCO

when you go a-hunting.

Choicest chew made.

If your tobaccoist doesn't keep it, one pound of Boot Jack in a convenient box mailed for \$1.00, and with it a handsome aluminum pocket Tobacco Box.

JOHN FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Human Intellect

Has devised no better system for benefit of mankind than Life Insurance.

The Prudential



Represents the widest extension of the scheme, for it insures the whole family, children, women and men. Ages 1 to 70. Amounts \$15 to \$50,000. Premiums payable yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, weekly.

Write for particulars.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Home Office, **NEWARK, N. J.**

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

IVORY SOAP

Have you never taken a bath with Ivory Soap? You have missed a luxury. The smooth creamy lather is soothing and refreshing. **IT FLOATS**



For any one with weak lungs and

Allcock's Porous Plaster

placed on the chest and another between the shoulder-blades, is invaluable. Ask for Allcock's. See you get Allcock's.

DES MOINES

IOWA'S CAPITOL CITY
BEST REACHED

VIA
CHICAGO GREAT



Maple Leaf Route

WESTERN RAILWAY

FROM

CHICAGO MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL KANSAS CITY

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